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In Memoriam

It is a fitting thing that one department of La Victoire should be devoted to our men in the service. Especially, do we dedicate this department to the heroes of the two golden stars in our service flag.

Theron W. Ward

Mr. Ward came to us in 1917 as a teacher of mathematics. For two years he was not only a capable and efficient teacher, but was also the friend of all students. He took an active interest in every school enterprise, and no undertaking was too big for Mr. Ward to successfully carry through. He left for Camp Sherman in May 1918, where, on the merits of his mathematical ability, he was appointed as company clerk. It was in August that we learned with deep regret of his untimely death. His loss is greatly felt by the students of the Mansfield High School, who sincerely appreciate his conscientious work among us.

Sergeant Morris DeWitt

Sergeant Morris DeWitt was a member of the graduating class of 1914. After graduation, he went into the grocery business with his father, where "he made good." Then came the call, "Your country needs you," and Morris devoted himself to the service of his country. He served in France, until the report of his death came to his parents just after the signing of the Armistice. The report was confirmed in a letter from his captain, who paid high tribute to Morris, speaking of him as "a fine, clean youth, of whom any one might well feel proud."

"I cannot say and I will not say,
That he is gone; he is just away.
With a friendly smile and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair,
It needs must be since he lingers there.
Think of him just as the same, I say,
He is not dead, he is just away."

H. Crouse

La Victoire

The
High School Annual

Published by the students of the
Mansfield High School

Volume XII

Edited by the Staff in behalf of the Senior Class
of Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

The Annual Question

PUBLIC OPINION

If you fail to appreciate any part of the Annual growl or shout "rotten," or some such appropriate word. This will prove you know a thing or two, and that you are not afraid to speak up.

While reading grinds, don't laugh at anything you see. Hearty laughter is so vulgar.

Never applaud the fine things in the Annual, the staff might suspect that you enjoyed them.

If the Annual has a few flaws in it, always remember them and forget the rest. It is a sure sign of high intelligence to pick as many flaws as possible.

Always make it a point to tell how much better the other Annuals were and don't fail to key your voice so that it carries far. The staff will hear of it eventually and it may teach them a thing or two.

Do not forget that you, if you had a chance, could write better editorials and that only a cruel fate permits the other to write where real talent should have a chance.

Of course, the staff would like you better if you did not do this, but you would miss attracting attention and one might as well be dead as do that.

To

Miss Mary Aberle

patron teacher of the seniors, whose patient efforts
have helped us all along our school career,
and whose esteemed advice has served
as an aid in the publication of
this book, we, the

Class of 1919, dedicate **La Victoire**

Twelfth Volume of the Annual

Staff

Editor-in-Chief
LUCILE RICHARDSON

Business Manager
MARY BYRD

Associate Business Manager
HAROLD DONLEY

Assistant Business Manager
PAUL HURSH, '20

Literary Editor
CHARLES SWORD

Photo Editor
RUTH DAVIS

Assistant Photo Editor
MARY CONN

Athletic Editor
PAUL SOTHERLAND

Grind Editor
MARTHA MARY PRICE

Grind Editor
WARREN MAGEE

Art Editor
JACK CROUSE

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Prize Awards

Prize Photos
LOWELL BEARD

Prize Senior Story
ETTA FOX

Prize Junior Story
KATHERINE KOLLER

Prize Sophomore Story
ROBERT ACKERMAN

Prize Freshman Story
MILDRED CRABBE

...EDITORIALS...

This year the senior class presented a service flag to the school, as a tribute to our men in the service. It is the work of the Senior girls and to them the credit is due for its beauty. We chose this service flag, thinking it a gift in keeping with the spirit of the times, and we hope that the classes which follow us will take the same pride as we do in the two hundred and thirty-eight M. H. S. men in the service, two of whom have made the supreme sacrifice for their country's sake.

Why write an editorial on the need of a new High School when the over-crowded conditions of the class-rooms, the congested stairways, the auditorium filled to overflowing, and the lack of a gymnasium, all give indisputable proof of this great need.

School work was suspended for six weeks because of the influenza epidemic. This necessitated the shortening of the terms for the remainder of the year.

M. H. S. has long felt the need of a school paper and at last the dreams of so many years have materialized. Although making its appearance rather late in the school year, "The Hyphonerian" immediately proved popular with both faculty and students. Its aim is to present school life in all its phases, and it has succeeded most admirably. To Harry Karcher and his associate editors much credit is due for the importance of this school enterprise.

Mr. Whitehouse was among the teachers chosen to go to France for educational work. Though we are glad he was honored in this way, we may consider ourselves fortunate that he thought it his duty to remain with us.

The class of nineteen nineteen was the first class of M. H. S. to witness a new era in athletics. It seems that in all past years that our athletics have been mingled with some characteristics other than that of good clean and friendly competition with our opponents. In nineteen nineteen a new spirit was instilled into the hearts of the student body by a new coach direct from Ohio Wesleyan University. He was successful as he still had fresh in his memory athletic spirit and activities of his own college. He at once brought to our visions all our faults which we ourselves could never see. During the rest of the season, sportsman-like cheers were always given for the visiting teams, and with the help of our efficient cheer leader, the ideals of our coach were carried out. The "small town stuff" which has often been present at previous games was abolished. Whether win or lose, a good old cheer was given for the opposing team and the fellows were sent away feeling that they had been treated well. With all our desire of good clean spirit, "pep" is a potential factor in the development of school spirit. We, the class of nineteen nineteen, hope to leave behind us a legacy which will be of inestimable value in future years when school spirit is considered.

A debating club was organized late in the year for the purpose of preparing all of those interested in this branch for the inter-scholastic contest held on Friday evening, the eleventh of April. Five schools participated in this contest. The Shelby representative won first place and Paul Shultz, our representative, won second place. All the speakers presented their arguments in a forcible way.

The staff wishes to acknowledge its indebtedness to all those who have helped us to make this Annual, we hope, bigger and better than ever before. Without the cooperation of Mr. Whitehouse the publication of this book would not have been possible. Our special thanks are due to Miss Patterson and Miss Cotton, who, with the Literary Editor, acted as judges of literary work. Last, but not least, we wish to thank those students who greatly helped us by typewriting and contributing material for this book.

It has been our aim in the publication of "LaVictoire" not only to keep pace with the standard set by Annuals of previous years, but if possible to make this edition better and more complete. We ask that to its virtues be very kind, and to its fault a little blind. In behalf of the class of nineteen nineteen we present this volume to the graduates, students, and friends of Mansfield High School with the sincere hope that its pages may recall countless happy associations and stimulate in their hearts a stronger love for M. H. S.

SUPT. H. H. HELTER

Supt. H. H. Helter is a graduate of Ohio Wesleyan University, B. A., and Columbia University, M. A.

For the past eleven years he has been Superintendent of the Mansfield schools, the requirements of which position he has fulfilled most admirably and ably.

MR. FRANK WHITEHOUSE

Mr. Frank Whitehouse, principal of our High School, was graduated from Ohio Wesleyan University, receiving the B. A. degree. After having had a wide range of successful experience Mr. Whitehouse came to Mansfield March 1, 1918. His work has been of great benefit to our school and we hope it may continue under his successful guidance.

Faculty

"Teachers should be held in the highest honor, They are the allies of legislators; They have an agency in the prevention of crime; They aid in regulating the atmosphere; whose incessant action and pressure caused the life blood to circulate, and to return pure and healthful to the heart of a nation."

MR. H. H. HELTER.....Superintendent of Schools
MR. FRANK WHITEHOUSE.....Principal of High School
MR. F. FOSTER.....General Science
MISS BERTHA REUSS .....English
MISS MARIEL ABERLE .....Ancient History
MISS MADGE COTTON .....English
MISS LOUISE JORDAN.....M. and M. History, English History
MISS FLORENCE SHIRES .....English
MR. J. T. FAIRCHILD.....Commercial Branches, Algebra, Plane Geometry
MR. JOS. M. JACOBS .....Plane Geometry, Commercial Arithmetic, Algebra
MRS. M. P. ALLEN .....Study I
MRS. MAUDE WAGNER.....Study II
MISS RUTH FINFROCK.....Algebra
MISS KATE MOORE.....Algebra
MISS BERTHA K. PATTERSON.....English, Spanish, French
MISS MARY ABERLE.....General History
MR. J. W. SCHNECK .....Physics
MR. W. B. STERRET.....Chemistry
MISS MARIE BOWERS .....Latin
MRS. GAYLE PARSONS .....English
MRS. A. G. DAVIS.....United States History, English
MRS. M. B. TRAXLER .....French
MRS. B. L. CHASE .....Latin, English
MISS IDA GORDON .....Penmanship
MISS RUTH FORRY .....Typewriting, Business Forms
MISS RUTH WOLF .....Stenography, Typewriting
MR. A. N. SYMMES .....Commercial Geography, Bookkeeping
MISS ARLETTA HENDRICKSON .....Plane Geometry
MISS CLOUDE BLAKE .....General Science, English

Faculty

Snaps

SENIOR CLASS

Class Poem

They've passed away, our High School years,
And we in Life's struggles are cast.
The future's gulf holds our destinies
Carrying us away from the happy past.

We have worked, and won the race,
Our class has all others excelled.
Nineteen-nineteen knows naught but success,
Whatever we do, we do well.

We've studied, joked, some have loved,
And some have rainbows chased.
Our High School life we have enjoyed,
So now we challenge Time and Fate.

To dream and dream is Youth's heritage,
Our dream is to mount still higher,
That the world may value us as gems
Of brilliancy; so we press on and aspire.

And now we go out into the World;
A World that has scarcely heard our name.
Yet we feel no dread, instead a thrill,
For we have many a hope and aim.

And so we leave these dear old halls,
From Mansfield High we now depart,
The Class of Nineteen-nineteen says farewell,
But memories will cling in every heart.

MARGARET FAIRCHILD—'19

Senior Officers

TOM FORD
President

HOWARD MARQUIS
Vice President

CHAUNCEY GARBER
Treasurer

DOROTHY KRAMER
Secretary

HOWARD HERR
Sergeant-at-Arms

Senior Colors

PURPLE AND WHITE

FLORENCE CASE

Florence seldom talks in class, but when she does every one listens, for it is always worth while. An authority on all her studies.

CLARENCE BROWN
"Brownie"

Here's a chap who doesn't care what the world says, but minds his own affairs. Study isn't his greatest care in life.

HAROLD ANDREWS
"Andy"

This is "Andy." He possesses a happy disposition and his ceaseless flow of entertaining conversation has always been a class-room diversion. An enterprising boy with unquenchable energy. Hi-Y (4).

PAULINE KLINEFELTER
"Pollyanna"

"Prim, neat, short," seems to describe Pauline better than anything we can say of her. In making friends she is surpassed by none, but as for beaus, she has but one. She wears a sparkling diamond. Nuf said. Junior Play (3).

EMMA WIEN

Dorothy's shadow. The living image of industry. Oh, yes, she's very quiet, but when she does talk she always has something interesting to say.

ESTHER MCFARLAND

"Mac"

Ex-member of the Puritan club. To know her is a pleasure. She is both pretty and witty, which we think is quite an agreeable combination and so does—someone else. A gay companion and a good friend.

HAROLD DONLEY

The live wire of a live class, a splendid business man, and the best cheer leader our school ever had. M. H. S. won't be the same place when Harold goes, at least so a certain Junior girl thinks. Judging from his past record, we feel sure he will bring honor to his class. Class Pres. (3), Cheer Leader (3, 4), Hi-Y (2, 3, 4), Vice Pres. (4), Junior Play, Associate Business Manager Annual (4).

GLADYS HERSHEY

Doesn't believe in the frivolities of life. Serious and thoughtful, consequently she makes a good student. Much is summed up when we say—"she is a sensible girl."

RAYMOND KLINE

He demonstrated his talent as an actor in our Junior play. Possibly that is the reason he is so often found at a certain theater studying the drama. (?) Junior Play, Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Band (1, 2, 3), Boys' Glee Club (4).

MARTHA MARY PRICE

"Marty," "Happy"

A merry little maid who sees only the sunny side of life. Do you wonder why she is Grind Editor? She is truly the go-ahead type and her motto seems to be, "I'll try anything once." Joke Editor Annual (4), Glee Club (4).

MARY CONN

"Connie"

Some students always have their lessons and always have a good time—Mary's one of them. A girl with many fine qualities. She is loyal to her friends and to the school, she is pretty, if that may be called a quality; but, more especially, she is Frank. Ass't photo editor (4), Girls' Glee Club (4).

HAROLD MCVICAR

"Flick"

To find a subject in which this young man is not interested would be a task requiring deep research. He is such a busy reporter that not all of us have the opportunity of knowing him—but to know him is to like him. Junior play, Hi-Y (1), Senior play.

REUBENA MAGEE

"Beans"

Reubena is a brown-eyed southern maiden. Her soft voice and merry laugh charm every one who meets her. All are lucky who can claim her as a personal friend. 'Tis queer how the Alumni attract her.

HOWARD MARQUIS

Howard is a regular ladies' man, and is a heart-breaker of the first rank. Has a decided artistic ability and a keen eye for beauty. He is a popular man and a crowd without Howard is not complete. Vice Pres. (1), Hi-Y (3,4), Boys' Glee Club (4).

KATHERINE MCBERTY

Katherine has spent much of her life abroad but we are glad she prefers Mansfield to the great cities of the world. She has only been with us a year, but in that short time she has proved herself to be a sincere and brilliant student.

KATHERINE HEIN

Don't you know her? Then your life has been lived in vain. Pretty, petite, and popular with lots of pep—"that's Heinie." She is more fond of pleasure than of hard study, but then—who isn't?

LOWELL BEARD

Feminine charms have no attraction for Lowell. He believes, as did Washington, in keeping free of all entangling alliances. According to a member of the faculty, he is one of the most sensible boys of the class—and to that statement we fully agree.

ETHEL DAUM

To be just herself, the friend of everyone is Ethel's ideal and in the attainment of it she has succeeded admirably. Her entertaining conversation is a source of much enjoyment to her friends.

WARREN MAGEE

"Mac"

Warren is one of the fun makers of the class, but he can be quite serious if necessity demands. Always courteous, friendly, and witty, is it any wonder he is popular? And we wish to add that he is an invaluable grind editor. Joke Editor (4), Boys' Glee Club (4), Hi-Y (4), Senior team (4), Senior play.

NINA STICKLER

"Ninette"

Nina is noted for the sunshine of her smile. The habit of happiness is chief of her gifts, and as for others—her creditable classroom work needs no further mention.

PAUL SOTHERLAND

"Cy"

How the girls will sigh when "Cy" leaves. No one has done more than "Cy" to add to the fame and glory of M. H. S. Just look at his list of achievements and you will realize what a fine athlete and popular man he is. Basket Ball (3, 4, Capt. 3), Foot Ball (3, 4, Capt. 4), All State Guard (4), Hi-Y (2, 3, 4), Sec'y (2, 3), Pres. M Association (4), Serg.-At-Arms (3), Athletic Editor (4), Base Ball (4).

RUTH DAVIS

"Doc"

No class is complete without a girl like "Doc." Where she leads others follow. Her admirers are so numerous that she needs a card index system to keep track of them all. Photo Editor (4).

DOROTHY BUCKWALTER

She is a quiet friendly girl, of retiring disposition. Dorothy believes in making her actions speak rather than her words, as her grades prove.

EFFLO EGGERT

Why be a serious minded young man when you can be like Efflo and have everyone like you? His originality and imagination make him a valuable asset to the Hyphonerian staff. A boy with lots of school spirit and his own special brand of humor. Junior Play, Hi-Y (3, 4), Boys' Glee Club (4), Hyphonerian Staff (4), Senior Basket Ball team, Senior Play.

HELEN POST

"Sis"

"Sis" aspires to become a prima donna and shows good indications of succeeding. An earnest, perservering worker, and a girl who makes an all-round friend. "Girls' Glee Club" (4).

JACK CROUSE

He is a Jack of all trades and master of anything he undertakes. Versatile is the word which describes him best, and as to his dignified composure (especially in staff meetings) nothing more need be said. An Art Editor to be proud of, as his drawings in this book testify. Class Vice. Pres. (3), Junior Play (3), Hi-Y (4), Art Editor (4), Base Ball (4).

INEZ FRANKEBERGER

Can anyone imagine Inez disturbing her teachers with mischievous actions? A conscientious student who speaks and acts just as she ought. Our class needs a girl like her to give us steadiness and dignity.

MAGDALEN HECHT

"Trix"

Our lady of many laughs who likes to see the sunny side of life. Friendship with her is of the worthwhile kind, and she proves to be a friend in the true sense of the word.

GRACE SOWASH

"Sodie"

"Sodie's" sweetness and sincerity make her the admiration of all who know her. And speaking of beauty, she is a contradiction to skin deep beauty for she has a lovely character. If her artistic ability develops, as we feel sure it will, she too will help to make '19 famous.

THOMAS HUGHES

"Tom"

Tom, as he is known among his friends, is admired for his whole-heartedness, industry and thoroughness. Congratulations to the captain of the championship team. Hi-Y (4), Capt. Senior Team (4), Junior Play (3).

BARBARA MORRIS

"Bob"

For a girl with plenty of dash and pep we choose "Bob." She is one of those who can have a good time, but still keep up her lessons. "Bob" is a girl who believes, "If you can't be true to one or two, you're far better off with three."

CHARLES SWORD

Was there ever such a combination of wit and seriousness? He is a musician, yet he loves literary work. The class of Nineteen surely appreciates him. Orchestra (3,4), Literary Editor (4).

DONALD ACKERMAN

"Don"

We believe in giving credit where credit is due, and our class may feel justly proud of "Don." A young man with high ideals which will some day be attained, aided by his strength of character and geniality. Contrary to most boys, we enjoy hearing "Don" sing. Quartet (4), Boys' Glee Club (4), Orchestra (4), Hi-Y (4), Senior play.

MABEL VANOSTER

Mabel has done her work well, but so quietly that few of us realize what a good student she is. She is rather reserved but a good friend when you know her.

DOROTHY BLINDT

Emma's shadow! This little Titian-haired girl is Dorothy. There is not quantity, but quality, in her person. Winsome, charming and quiet. Never is she seen wasting time.

HANNAH RADLER

"Han"

Hannah has an inexhaustable source of energy and fun. Whatever she undertakes is sure to be a success for she is an enthusiastic worker. They key to her heart is in the safe keeping of a "Soldier," but we promised not to mention names. Girls' Glee Club (4).

ERNEST SCHULER

"Hank"

Oh, girls, look who's here! "Hank" is one of the wittiest and best liked fellows of the Senior Class, and his athletic ability is too well known to need any comment. He thinks "B" is the only letter in the alphabet. Basketball (3, 4), M. Association (4), Junior Play, Senior play.

THELMA GERRELL

Although she never boasts, nevertheless the fact cannot be concealed that she is a fine student. A quiet, friendly girl who is always ready to do a favor.

HOWARD HERR

"She"

There's nothing feminine about "She" but his nickname, for he is one of our best athletes. Never talks about himself, and seldom talks at all. One of the boys who can do anything well. His achievements are: Football (3, 4), Hi-Y (3, 4), Sergeant-at-Arms (4), Class Sergeant-at-Arms (4), Junior play, M. Association (4).

HELEN KEMP

Tell her a good joke. Now wasn't it worth while to see those dimples? Knowing her ability, we expect great things of her, and we feel sure we won't be disappointed.

EULA LONG

"Happy"

Everybody's friend—could better be said of her? Sweet, sunny, sincere, she sees only good in everyone. Good luck to you little girl! Girls' Glee Club (4), Senior Play.

LLOYD HOFFMAN

One of the bright lights of the commercial department. A quiet, conscientious worker whose efforts have all been directed toward the good of the class. Junior Play (3), Glee Club (2, 4).

NEIL ROBINSON

Good nature is written all over Neil's smiling countenance. Doesn't talk very much but that is because the rest of us don't give him a chance. He is the proud possessor of an M. Football (4), M Association (4).

MARY CASEY

Everyone knows little "Brighteyes." Amiable to all who know her, and those who don't know her don't know what they are missing. Silent and reserved is she.

MERCILE MILLER

"Mercy"

If we were all as good students as Mercile what a joy teaching would be. Though studious, she is not serious and no one is more animated and talkative than "Mercy." Junior Play (3).

LILLIAN BELL

Lillian is an earnest worker in school, but has plenty of pleasure elsewhere. She gives the impresion that she is living not only to enjoy life for herself but to show the other fellow.

IRA KOCHHEISER

"Steve"

A newcomer this year who has been a most welcome addition to our class. Steady as the stars and true. Ira says little, but thinks much. A man well worth knowing. Boys' Glee Club (4).

HARRY CHAMBERS

"Blink"

Lawyer—Congressman—Senator—President. The foregoing is his ambition, and after hearing his "line" we are ready to wager our modest pile on Harry. He takes an active interest in all school affairs and throughout the year has enjoyed his favorite fruit—dates. Orchestra (3, 4).

FLORENCE BROOKS

Florence is not much of a mixer, but is admired by those who know her. She can always be depended upon to have her lessons. Modest and unassuming is she.

ANNA WOLF

A good student who works hard with good results. Though she is reserved, she is liked by all who know her.

ETTA FOX
"Ted"

Loyal, frank and sincere are words which suit Etta exactly. Always studious and friendly, and incidentally quite good looking. Girls' Glee Club (4).

EVERETT TINGLEY
"Ting"

Of quiet nature is Everett, and one of the brightest of the class. He prefers to be a doer rather than a talker. A boy who will get there.

KATHERINE LOWMASTER

It has been said, "Laugh and grow fat." The first is true of Katherine, for she laughs from dawn till dark, but the last does not apply to her. Is quite good-looking.

RALPH BAER
"Cub"

"Cub" has decided ability in making and keeping friends, is a good student and a good fellow at all times. He has a personality which makes him one of '19's most promising boys. Class Treas. (3), Hi-Y (3, 4), Pres. Hi-Y (4), Junior play, Boys' Glee Club (4), Senior play.

DORIS SNYDER
"Bill"

One of the girls with "other interests" than High School, but she has never allowed these to interfere with the excellent records in all her studies. We are very considerate and won't mention that her nickname is "Bill."

MIRIAM SCHEIBE

"Mim"

"Mim" came to us from the south and seems to have brought much of its sunshine in her happy disposition. She is a star in her studies and has a positive genius for making friends. Girls' Glee Club (4).

WILBER WIERMAN

"Wib"

Gaze at the picture and see what musical temperament is therein portrayed. "Wib" is fond of both music and girls and divides his time about equally between them. His ambition is to beat Sousa's time and his class wishes him success. Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Band (1, 2, 3).

MARGARET DOBBS

We feel sure that Margaret will make a fine business girl for she has all the qualities needed for success in the business world. A capable, good-natured girl with a liking for fun and frolic. Girls' Glee Club (4).

MERLE HAMMERT

Merle is one of the very few who can really be called a "dignified senior." He has splendid musical ability and knows the word "toot" only as applied to a musical instrument. Orchestra (1, 2, 3, 4), Band (1, 2, 3).

DOROTHY THIERLEIN

"Pokie"

Is rather quiet but likes fun at all times. She studies not in vain, but gains good results in her work. Dorothy is one of our jolly members.

MARY DANN

Mary's tactfulness and consideration of others have won her many friends. In a class noted for its scholarship her place is near the top. One of those girls whom every one likes. Class Sec'y (3), Senior Play.

DOROTHY KRAMER

"Dot"

A good comrade to all, a devoted friend to a few, a real M. H. S. girl—that's "Dot." She has a pleasant laugh which reminds one of all sorts of happy things. Aside from the strenuous (?) duties of class secretary, she is a good student. Junior Play, Class Sec'y (4).

WINONA SCHAEFFER

"Win"

Winsome Winona! Lovely brown eyes and hair would be sufficient assets for many girls, but not for Winona, for, to these she adds a winning way which makes her a favorite, not only with her classmates, but with the alumni as well.

LELA WOLFE

What a hard time we had to get to know this dark-haired maiden! And when we finally did, how well worth the effort we found her. We may have five Marys in our class but there's only one Lela.

SHERMAN WENTZ

"General"

Here is the quiet, good-natured friend of us all. Though he seems slow and easy-going, he leaves a good record behind. Senior Team (4), Base Ball (4).

MARGERY BAKER

Margery knows how to flavor hard study with a good time, consequently she enjoys school life to the utmost. Her unfailing optimism is a fine example for us all.

MARY AUGHEY

"Sweet Miss Mary." Her style and neatness are only two of her many attributes. Energy and ingenuity are two more. A girl of whom we may be proud.

MARY ELLEN LAVER

Mary's last name should be sunshine. She is everything her name implies—kind, jolly, cheerful. Has splendid business ability.

FLORENCE HERRING

"Flo"

When we are old and hoary and recall our carefree high school days, we will always remember Florence for her ever-present giggle. And she is just as light-hearted as her laugh. An independent and very agreeable person.

EUGENE KEGG

"Noah"

Here he comes, slow but sure! We think he is a genius, but he will not show it. You would like his droll humor and wit. Senior play, Hi-Y (3, 4).

MARGARET FAIRFIELD

Being a professor's daughter, one naturally expects great things of her—and she lives up to all expectations. She is jolly and makes an interesting companion. Girls' Glee Club (4), Senior play.

DOROTHA FOULKS

"Wiggles"

She's rather quiet, but a true friend to everyone and a girl whom all admire. At times we find her dreamily gazing at that diamond and it is whispered that she is on very intimate terms with Cupid.

ANNE FERNYAK

"Steu," "Shorty"

Anne makes up in cleverness what she lacks in height. She has that unconscious charm that always attracts. A little, lovable girl who likes friends and has many. Girls' Glee Club (4), Senior play.

ELIZABETH ALTHOUSE

If perserverance leads anywhere Elizabeth surely will accomplish something big, for throughout our four years she has shown this admirable quality. We have nothing but praise and encouragement for her.

GEORGIA MOWRY

"George"

One can be sure of a good time with "George" as a companion, for her droll humor is irresistible. However, it is reserved for those who know her best, and this may account for the fact that some think her a serious-minded young lady.

HOWARD POLLOCK

"Duby"

"And still they gazed and still their wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

That's what we think of "Duby." 'Though small, his ability can by no means be called small. "Duby" is a fast boy on the Senior team. Senior Team (4).

FRED MILLER

"Fritz"

This young man is dignified—though congenial. He is a keen-minded chap and his subtle reasoning in "phiz" experiments is a source of wonder to us all. For further references concerning "Fritz" call at 11 Park Ave., Shelby, Ohio. Hi-Y (4), Senior Team (4).

GLADYS PIPER

The Class Mouse! If we know her better we could say more about her, but we do know that she has been true to her class.

DONNA ARNOLD

And now we come to Donna. Can't you hear the faculty applaud? For she's our bright little student, and even "Virgil" has no terrors for her. Always diligent and dignified, but with a ready appreciation of fun.

HUGH RUST

"Rustie"

"Our History Shark!" He has that smile that won't rub off. He likes argument so well that he won't even eat what agrees with him, and his ingenious arguments stun us completely. Senior Team.

HELEN OZIER

'Slats"

She has that rare quality of winning everyone as a friend. Aside from being active in all school and social affairs she is a good student. We hear nothing but praise of Helen. Girls' Glee Club (4).

FRANCES HUGHES

"Puss"

Frances has set a high standard for herself and has always maintained it. An unusual student without being a grind. A girl whom anyone would be glad to count as a friend. Girls' Glee Club (4).

SHARLOT HOSTETTER

"Max"

Max is neatness personified to the finest point. She always has a smile for everyone and has many, many friends.

DELEE UHLICH

"Susie"

DeLee's dimples are much in evidence, as she is always smiling. A cheerful, friendly girl with a good word for all.

AGNES TRYON

Here is a girl with good judgment and common sense. She is, in addition, cheerful, and consequently keeps every one around her in good spirits; always dependable.

ARTHUR HAUPT

"Archie"

The thing we admire most about Arthur is his stick-to-it-ive-ness. When something has to be solved, leave it to "Archie." He is a hustler and could sell you the shoes you are wearing. Senior Team.

DONALD RICHARDS

Donald "gangs his ain gait" and never bothers anyone. He is a loyal champion of "Red and White" and all his efforts are directed to the good of his class.

MARTHA MCCREADY

"Marty"

Did you ever see her strolling along as if she didn't have a care in the world? Of course you didn't, for she's our ever industrious Martha and she is as dignified as all Seniors should be.

MIRIAM DOBBS

"Mim"

"Mim" is an energetic girl, who always does the right thing at the right time. Her laugh is contagious and "Pep" is her middle name.

TOM FORD

"Flivver," "Timmie"

Perhaps the most famous of all '19's celebrities is Tom, our class president. As a leader, ladies' man, and good fellow, he has no equal. His friends are many and his foes—we doubt if he has any. Class Pres. (4), Hi-Y (2, 3, 4), Sec'y (4), Boys' Glee Club (4), Senior play.

MARY BYRD

"Birdie," "Merrie"

Birdie's untiring efforts in all school activities, her zealous work as a member of the staff, her ability as a student, and above all, her genial friendliness have won her a fine reputation in school. Bus. Mgr. (3, 4).

LUCILE RICHARDSON

"Lucy"

A lassie with a twinkle in her eye! Her sparkling wit and sunny smile make you glad to know her. A true blue girl and an editor-in-chief of whom we are proud. Editor-in-chief (4).

ELIZABETH SMITH

"Libby"

Elizabeth is never seen fretful or discouraged. She is always ready to do something for some one else without regard to her own inconvenience. Her deportment is the best of the Senior Class.

MINNIE SCHWIER

Minnie is a happy-go-lucky girl with a sunny disposition. She is always industrious, but will never grow gray-haired from overstudy.

MYRTLE PAYNE

Although she has only been with us a year, everyone in general and one Senior in particular will testify that she is the girl of girls. In spite of extensive correspondence with France, she still finds time to devote to her many High School friends.

CORRINE PARKER

"Charley"

"Charley" comes to school for the knowlege she can gain. She seems to believe that virtue consists in actions rather than words and in pursuance of this philosophy she goes quietly about her daily duties.

Senior Class History

And it came to pass, in the year 1915, that an multitude entered the doors of the halls of learning. And verily their knees smote one against the other, for they were sore afraid. And this year was well spent for they gleaned much knowledge.

And behold, in their second year, this class gave an "Down on the Farm Party." Yea, verily, and the fruits of their labor were enjoyed by all. Now they shone and waxed brighter and were greatly blessed.

So in the third year of their sojourn they chose their leaders that did pilot them safely along the rough paths of their junior year. And the men folk of the class did fight mightily and were renowned for their prowess and fair name in athletics.

And it came to pass that in the fall of that year it did please them greatly to give an Hallowe'en party. And there came a time when the Juniors did give a reception unto the Seniors and the eats were surpassed by none in variety and excellence. And the play did gain great favor with the multitudes.

And the third year came to its close.

In the fourth year did they shew great and many things unto the people. An chosen and faithful number of shepherds did guide them carefully through the dark hours. And in this year did they toil and labor for an Dance. The house of Shuler did favor this people and there was much levity. And now the time was fulfilled when the Juniors should pay great honor unto them. For in this year did they make for them a great feast which was called "The Reception." And in this year were given an "May Festival" and an Senior Play which was looked upon with favor by many. So also were named the Guardians of an Book, "The Annual" and it did prove excellent and good. Our men-folk did journey on in their sports, with honor, yea verily. An Senior Day doth bring us to the parting of the ways. And it is hard to part with all, though no longer an multitude, for many have fallen by the wayside. But to each and every one—those that did remain with us through the all too short years of our sojourn here and those whose fotsteps did lead them into paths away from us;—may we wish you happiness according to your lights and wish you God Speed.

ANNE FERNYAK—'19

Prophecy of the Class of '19

It was a bright clear morning and the sun of southern France streamed through the window. I tried to arise but could not. I was stiff from head to foot and my head was generously adorned with bandages. I could not recall why I was here. I did not have to wait long, for in came Etta Fox wearing the Red Cross uniform. She looked at me rather surprised and asked how I felt. I told her fine, and inquired how I happened to be here. Etta replied, "Don't you remember? You were with the Reconstruction Engineers and while excavating you struck an unexploded shell. You have been unconscious for four days." I tried hard to connect my train of thoughts and after some time my mind became clear and I remembered all. "You graduated with our class, didn't you, Etta?" "Yes," she replied. "I had the funniest dream," I continued, "I dreamt of every member of our class of 1919." "Oh, tell me your dream," she said. "It has been so long since I have seen any of them and I have often wondered what this one was doing now or where that one was living." She propped me up in bed and I immediately began my story.

In the year 1926 I started out at Mansfield, first visiting West High situated where our old building used to stand. In front of a large marble building, as magnificent as the capitol at Washington, I paused to view the fine gymnasium and the athletic field at the west side of the building. Attending the Chapel meeting, I found Pauline Klinefelter, the principal, addressing an assembly of freshmen. In one hand she had a large bunch of notes. Helen Kemp had taken Mrs. Wagner's place in study II and reigned supreme. Warren Magee was coach and physical director in the gymnasium.

Leaving the High School I stopped at Charles Ackerman's store to chat with him for a few minutes before visiting Nina Stickler's garage, where I hired a machine to take me to Cleveland. Several miles out of town I met Sherman Wentz and Florence Brooks taking a load of hay to town.

As we were passing through the enterprising city of Pope, my attention was drawn to a gathering on the street corner. It was the Salvation Army, and to my surprise, there stood Dorothy Blindt beating the big bass drum. After the music had stopped a man stepped out from the crowd crying aloud in a deep soprano voice, "Throw your pennies on the drum, boys, ninety-nine cents more and we will have a dollar." This young man was Howard Pollock who had invested heavily in a large business firm which had failed; so in order to forget the failure he took up army life. At the general store, the kind and obliging clerks were Elizabeth Smith and Ethel

Daum who had given up her business career for a more quiet life. Arriving in Cleveland the next day, I dismissed my driver at the public square. While waiting there along came Harold McVicar, advertising manager for the Plain Dealer, in his big twelve cylinder Ford. He stopped and asked me where I was going. When I told him to New York, he said I would have to stop and visit him for a day at least.

That evening we took dinner at the Carlton Terrace, now managed by the Dobbs girls. At the Terrace we saw Ira Kochheiser and his bride-to-be, Magdalen Hecht. We also met Clarence Brown, who had just been nominated presidential candidate for the coming election. The only competitor from whom he feared any opposition was Frances Hughes, the suffrage candidate. It was said Margery Baker would be her Secretary of War if Frances won. Fred Miller, head chemist of the Cleveland Distilled Hot Air Corporation, was with Clarence. So we all went to the Westbrook Theatre, now owned by Doris Snyder and Thelma Gerrell, successors to Keith.

First on the program was an overture by the famous symphony orchestra from Lucas. Clarence informed me that the director, who was especially noted for his professional head of hair, was Wilbur Wierman. Barbara Morris, a lady barber, through her lawyer, Robert Miller, was sueing Wilber for five thousand dollars. She claimed that Wilbur had not had a hair cut in the last five years and that if this continued, she would have to go out of business. After the overture the curtain dropped and in the "News Weekly," important characters of the day appeared on the silver sheet.

In Alaska we found Florence Case, trying to complete a few chemistry experiments which she was unable to complete in high school on account of the climate. In Turkey, we saw Chauncey Garber and Myrtle Payne. Chauncey was learning the customs of Turkey and was going to introduce a bill in Congress, when he returned to America, to encourage the establishment of harems in the United States. The next was the freeing of the Philippine Islands. Harry Chambers was the speaker of the day. The way he moved his hands around, I thought he was trying to sell something cheap. I guess he graduated from Anne Fernyak's School of Elocution. Anne has gained such fame through her school that some people think she can make deaf and dumb speak.

In Japan, the land of flowers and dreams, we found Lillian Bell taking lessons in Japanese painting. If we had only known during our high school days that she wanted to paint, we might have allowed her to try painting the Auditorium, which seemed to need it. The last subject on the weekly was the football game between Annapolis and Yale at the Yale Bowl. Cy Southerland, now coach for Yale, sat in the grand stand with his wife, formerly Winona Schaeffer, and her friends, Helen Post, now Captain of the "Circleville Home Guards," and Miriam Scheibe, the famous American composer of ragtime. The officer in charge of the men from Annapolis, who were attending the game in a body, was Donald Ackerman, the famous bass singer.

The next act presented Reubena Magee, the classical dancer direct from Hawaii. With the aid of Lela Wolfe and Mable Vanoster, who have mastered the noted Hawaiian 'Cat Howles', the three formed quite a clever act. As we were leaving the thea-

tre, Martha McCready passed out folders to everyone, announcing the opening of her new Chocolate Shoppe.

On the way to the hotel we stopped in at the Grey Rabbit Cafe, where Gladys Hershey and Gladys Piper are Cabaret dancers. We indulged in a cup of tea, as Lloyd Hoffman, a senator from Wyoming, had introduced a bill providing for the sale of tea only in cabarets.

I left the fellows, and went to the hotel to retire early since I had an engagement with Ralph Baer, construction engineer, the next morning. So bright and early the next morning, I met Ralph who took me out to see the new bridge he had built from Cleveland to Canada. This bridge was entirely of aluminum instead of steel. We spent the rest of the morning taking in the sights of the city, chief among which was William Hutzelman's pawn shop. While we were there Dorothy Buckwalter came in and bought a gold watch.

Ralph insisted that I should come out to his house for lunch that noon, but he had forgotten that his wife, formerly Ruth Davis, was entertaining, so we walked in on her unexpectedly. Ralph didn't want to announce before the ladies that he had brought company home for lunch, so we comfortably seated ourselves in the other room and thought we would wait until Ruth came out.

It seemed that the club was organized to meet each week to sew for the poor African children, but I am afraid if they talked as much at every meeting as they did at this one, the poor African's would not get clothing very often. Among those present were Helen Ozier, a graduate from Michigan State, now a famous journalist; Eula Long, a teacher at Harvard, who had just returned from abroad after completing her foreign language course, Grace Sowash, a very prominent interior decorator; Mary Conn, who does hand-painting on photographs; Esther McFarland, a graduate from Dennison, now engaged in social uplift work; Hannah Radler, prominently known among the very highest social circles of Cleveland and larger cities.

Helen Ozier, president of the club, opened the meeting by asking for a talk from Eula on her trip abroad.

"My first stop in England, where I met Tom Ford, who is taking the Law and Lecture course at Oxford. In France, while riding with Mary Dann and Harold Andrews in their limousine, I noticed a large sign proclaiming that Merle Hammett, the Mozart of our class, gave lessons on the bassoon. If Merle can handle his bassoon as well as he could his bean-shooter in the high school nothing but success awaits him. I also met Donna Arnold, who is now a missionary to Germany. She told me that Lucile Richardson is also there trying to sell her latest book, "There Goes the Bride.'

In Italy I found Minnie Schwier and Elizabeth Althouse studying sculpture. I also forgot to tell you that I met Madame Katherine Hein Marquis in Paris where her husband, Howard, is the United States Ambassador.

Helen next introduced Grace, who had taken a trip with Mary Conn in the South. So Grace arose, after dropping several balls of yarn on the floor and we

heard the following: "Mary Conn and I toured the south in an auto. In one of the small towns, through which we were passing in Virginia, we witnessed a large parade of men, at the head of which marched Arthur Haupt, carrying a banner with the following script, "We men want to vote again." At different stops through the south we met many friends; Mary Aughey, in Tennessee, was running a shoe shining and beauty parlor. Inez Frankeberger was working for Mary and attracted much trade. We often wondered why Hugh Rust visited this place so frequently. Stopping at Florence Herring's dressmaking establishment to visit with her for a few moments, we found poor Florence nearly dead from lack of sleep after working so long on Sharlot Hostetter's bridal dress. Dorotha Foulkes was to be Sharlot's flower girl.

Robert Boling was driving an ice wagon here also. That's about all we met during our trip, only on the way home we managed to get arrested for speeding by Mary Laver, but when Donald Richards, justice of the peace, saw who we were he immediately released us."

Helen next asked for a five-minute talk from Hannah. Hannah quickly took the chewing gum out of her mouth and said, "On a Pullman between here and Chicago whom do you suppose I saw disguised as a porter?" Of course, some one asked who it was, and she said it was Charles Sword, (who is) now a very eminent author. "In order to get some material for his latest novel, he had to play the part of a porter for a while. Traveling on the same train was Charles' better half, Margaret Fairchild. I had quite a chat with her and she informed me that she had just received a letter from Mercile Miller, who runs a fine hotel DeLuxe at Yellowstone National Park. Mercile said that the Rev. Neil Robinson preached in a small western town near her. Agnes Tryon teaches Sunday School at the same church."

Ruth next asked what had become of Jack Crouse. Then Esther McFarland said, "I saw him and Martha Mary Price while I was in New York. They have a fine Art Studio on Fifth Avenue. I alsa met Harold Donley, who is now Safety Director of New York City.

"At Riverside Country Club I met two well known society men of the day, Ernest Schuler and Howard Herr. Ernest is the champion tennis player of the club, while Howard is inclined to prefer golf and also Dorothy Kramer, who was at the club while I was there. Returning again to New York, my attention was attracted to the many signs proclaiming the work of the great electrical genius, Raymond Kline. Mary Byrd is the society editor of the most celebrated paper of the city, "The Morning Cannon Ball." Her friend, Georgia Mowery, runs a charitable hospital for people having spring fever."

Helen Ozier next asked if anyone had met Emma Wein, and Grace replied: "Why sure, she's with the Everett Tingley Circus. She's a noted bare-back rider. Everett also had another member of our class in his side show, Katherine McBerty, the mouse charmer."

Hannah said that reminded her of meeting Katherine Lowmaster while attending a circus in Pennsylvania. Katherine runs a Delicatessen Shoppe there. She said she

also met Anna Wolf at Tarrytown, New York, who conducts a select school for girls. Eula asked what became of Eugene Kegg and Dorothy Theirlein. Ruth said she met Eugene in town the other day. He is now a detective. She said it was a sight to see him walking cautiously down the street with a large magnifying glass in one hand. She guessed that he was looking for a very valuable letter which Thomas Hughes, the broker, had lost. DeLee Uhlich, the Aviatrix, is a United States mail carrier. Dorothy Thierlein is traveling with the Chautauqua this season; she is one of the most famous character readers who has ever struck the platform.

Just then they commenced to serve lunch so Ralph and I walked in rather ashamed for having listened. After shaking hands with all my old school friends we received our lunch. Just as I was about to eat my lunch I awoke, or rather became conscious and found that I was not in Cleveland, but "Somewhere in France."

Etta said that was fine if it was only a dream, although some psychologists maintain that dreams are forerunners of the future. However, as all members of the class of "nineteen" are wide-awake and not dreamers, we can not put much faith in dreams. But whatever may happen, we do know that the class of Mansfield High School of Nineteen-nineteen shall lead and accomplish big things, always carrying the Purple and White banner before them.

Efflo Eggert—'19

Clouds of Misunderstanding

"Ellen, we have received an invitation to a reception at Errington Heights in honor of Bob and Phil. Shall we go?"

Ellen bent low over her work to hide the flush which suffused her face as her sister spoke. However, she did not betray her agitation, for she said in a low voice, "Do as you please about it, Lucile; if you wish to go I am willing."

During the week that followed Ellen was nervous and excited and very much unlike herself. She thought of many excuses for refusing to go but none seemed plausible and she did not wish to be questioned about a refusal.

Errington Heights joined The Cedars, and, as a child, Ellen had spent much of her time playing with Jeffrey Errington. He had spent the first few dollars he ever earned for a small turquoise ring for her. As the children grew up, their friendship matured. Jeff considered Ellen almost as a sister, and during their High School career, he was her devoted escort to all school affairs. During the summer after graduation, Jeff's father died, leaving his financial affairs in a tangled condition, which, upon being straightened out, left Jeff almost penniless. He was forced to sell Errington Heights to pay several debts and help defray his college expenses, because he was determined to train himself for civil engineering at any cost.

The next year Jeff went to a noted college in a distant state where he worked faithfully. He had always been popular at High School and his pleasing personality, which won friends for him there, was also one factor in his success at college. Combined with this was a perseverance which swept away all obstacles from his path. His vacations were spent in working at anything that would give him practical experience to supplement the knowledge received in school. But each summer he found time to return and renew the old friendship with Ellen.

These few meetings kept their friendship alive, and both, in their busy lives, found time to think often of each other. The year before Jeff expected to graduate he received the promise of a position with a prominent company in New York, which he considered a wonderful opportunity. In the summer vacation he intended to work with them and after graduating next year he could resume his work without interruption.

While he was in the midst of his planning, the news came that his country had declared war on Germany. For a man with Jeff's ideals and character, there was only one thing to do. He enlisted without delay in the infantry, which he considered to be the quickest way of getting into active service. His last year of college and the beginning of his career would have to wait until he had fulfilled his duty to Uncle Sam.

For many months past, thoughts of Ellen had been uppermost in his mind and he suddenly discovered that his friendship for her had developed into something more than mere "brotherly love." The day for the sailing of his regiment was drawing near, and it was the thought of this parting, after which he might never see her again, that brought him to a realization of the true state of his emotions. He told her of his discovery, and said he would like to have some hope of success and encouragement from her to spur him on to do better things for his country.

Ellen had long known that hers was not a "sisterly love" and she told him so. But they agreed that there was to be no engagement as yet, for Jeff was to make a name for himself, worthy of the girl at home before he came to claim her.

All went well for the first few months. Ellen received frequent letters from France, in which Jeff expressed great impatience because he had been given no opportunity to get into the fight. These letters were a source of great joy to Ellen until some six months after his arrival in France, they ceased. She could not imagine the cause, and after sending a few more friendly letters and receiving no reply, she also stopped writing. From this time on her only news of Jeff was obtained through the

newspapers published at intervals, his accounts of wonderful deeds of valor. Here was a man who feared nothing and had no regard for his personal safety. He seemed to bear a charmed life, and no matter how dangerous the mission, he was ready to perform it. He seemed to inspire his comrades with some of his own bravery, and as a reward, he was commissioned as a lieutenant. This was gleaned from the newspapers which she read eagerly every day, hoping to find some word of Jeff. She was perplexed over his continued silence, and more hurt than she cared to show over the thought that he had forgotten her so soon.

One day while reading the casualty lists, she discovered his name among those fatally wounded. It was a great shock to her, but she bravely hid her grief from her family and friends. No outsiders knew what had passed between Jeff and her, and she still kept her secret. Now after the long weary months, the war was ended and the soldiers were returning home. Each group was received with great rejoicing, and the family, distant relatives of Jeff, which now lived at Errington Heights, were entertaining in honor of their returned sons, Bob and Phil. It took much will power for Ellen to attend the reception, but by this time she was accustomed to the concealment of her feelings.

When Ellen reached the Heights on the appointed evening, she found that she was rather late. As soon as possible Anne Joyce, her closest friend, had carried her off for a few minutes for a quiet chat. They had gone to the corner of the music room and were almost hidden by the great palms and ferns that stood there. So absorbing had become their conversation that they were quite startled when a young man called to Anne, that she was wanted in the hall. You can imagine Ellen's surprise when she recognized the young man who seated himself at her side. But she at last found courage to speak to him.

"Jeff Errington! I thought you were in France yet. Why, I had even read you were fatally wounded!"

"So they all thought, but by some miracle I recovered. Our regiment just came over recently and we were discharged yesterday from an eastern camp."

If Ellen had been surprised, so was Jeff, but from a different cause. He had left Ellen nearly two years before, a pretty girl, but tonight she seemed more beautiful and desirable than ever to him. Indeed, she had never been more lovely than tonight, wearing a soft white gown and red roses as a contrast to her soft black hair and brown eyes.

At first, conversation languished, neither wishing to break upon the subject closest to their hearts, but finally Ellen said, "Why did you stop writing to me so suddenly?"

"How can you ask, Ellen, when you had become engaged?"

"Engaged! Where did you ever hear such a thing?"

"In letters from some of your friends. I understood that Raymond Brown has been monopolizing all of your time and that it was really settled. After that I knew there was nothing in my life to live for, so I took no care to preserve it."

"Oh! Jeff, I was only with Mr. Brown twice. Some one must have imagined that we were engaged and told you so. You can never imagine my feelings during the months you did not write to me."

"Then you still feel the same towards me and we can resume our former relations?" exclaimed Jeff eagerly.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

Ellen's answer was made known a month later when a long, expected engagement was announced.

Etta Fox—'19

"The Last Will and Testament of the Class of 'Nineteen'"

We, the class of Nineteen, of the City of Mansfield, of the County of Richland, of the State of Ohio, United States of America, being of abnormally sound state of mind and disposing memory, do hereby bequeath and devise all of the remainder and residue of our property, both real and personal, as herein stated:—

Item I—Upon the Class of '20 we bestow the honorary title of Seniors, along with our ability to lead in all High School Activities.

Item II—All money that can be found in the Senior Treasury after June sixth, we wish to be used for a great, gorgeous, gigantic, glorifying, grandiloquent memorial of our respect.

Item III—We respectfully bequeath the following advice to the Class of '20. Although it has been much used it is still in the best of condition:

1. Always laugh at your teachers' jokes.
2. If you know nothing in recitation, get up and bluff awhile, as you may help the next fellow.
3. If you value your time after school, watch your conduct after entering the class room.
4. Always be dignified in the halls. The eyes of the lower classmen are upon you.

Item IV—The white trousers formerly worn by our able cheer-leader we leave to the City Street Cleaning Department with the request that they be laundered.

Item V—We bequeath Helen Ozier's book entitled "Successful Animated Conversation" to Charles Nail to be used in future class meetings.

Item VI—We bequeath the Senior team's title to the Class Championship unto the Juniors with provision that they maintain the honor which we have gained.

Item VII—We bequeath to Ruth Helter, Harold Donley, with the request that he be "fetched" up properly.

Item VIII—Three "small" voices such as possessed by Hannah Radler, Etta Fox and Helen Post, we leave to Mr. Chubb to assist in music next year.

Item IX—Arthur Haupt's kid curlers we leave to Paul Watts, whom we think curly hair might improve.

Item X—Ruth Davis' bubbling laugh and Miriam Sheibe's expressive sighs, we wish to be combined and left in Study II for the entertainment of Mrs. Wagner.

Item XI—We bequeath John Paul Sotherland's title of All State Guard to any one who proves himself worthy of it.

Item XII—Martha Mary Price's tendency to create a disturbance in report room, we leave to Miss Patterson, as we know she will appreciate it.

Item XIII—We sadly bequeath Fred Miller to a "certain person" in Shelby, as we know he will receive proper "rearin'."

Item XIV—We feel it our duty to bequeath Ernest Shuler's good looks and haberdashery to the class of '20, but they have been such an addition to our class that we cannot part with them.

Item XV—The play things that Jack Crouse and Tom Ford have used to amuse themselves in class we gladly bequeath to the Freshmen with the hope that they will derive as much entertainment from them as their former owners.

Item XVI—We bequeath Charles Sword's brain and wit to the City museum as a relic.

Item XVII—Harry Chambers' art of public speaking and knowledge of the dictionary we bequeath to Edward Dann with the hope that he may prosper by it.

Item XVIII—Lucile Richardson's ability as an Editor we bequeath to the future Editors of the Annuals with the hope that they will derive much aid from her example.

Item XIX—We do bequeath all criticisms, slams, sarcasm, which the staff has received this year unto the staffs which are to follow, hoping that they may gain much aid from them.

Item XX—We hereby appoint and nominate the Junior Class as guardian of next year's Junior, Sophomores and Freshmen, until their time in this school may have expired. Said guardian is hereby directed to give the children a good English Education and to rear them in habits of industry.

We appoint and nominate Professor F. W. Whitehouse sole executor of this, our last will and testament, hereby authorizing and empowering him to adjust, release and discharge, in such manner as he sees fit, the debts and claims due to us. We do also authorize and empower him, if necessary, to pay our debts, to sell by private sale all or any part of our possessions.

In testimony thereof I have here unto set my hand this sixth day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and nineteen.

Signed, CLASS OF 1919

Signed and acknowledged by said class of '19 as their last will and testament in our presence.

Signed,

O. U. LEMON,
U. R. PARTICULAR,
GUAWNE A. WAY.

Per EULA LONG,
WINONA SCHAEFFER,
KATHARINE HEIN.

Class

Junior Class Poem

We're the class of '20, our standard is high,
We've advanced step by step as you cannot deny,
We are steadily gaining what others have won,
And we'll stand at the top when our school work is done.

We started with Davis, so sturdy and true,
Now Whitehouse so gallantly looks after me and you,
And we march to the tune that is played all the time,
And we neither step over or under the line.

We have met with you daily, years, one, two and three,
To pursue the different courses of the High School faculty,
We shall never know failure, though work it be hard,
And at last reach the goal and receive our reward.

The time, it is passing on swift flying wing,
And the lessons we learn, and the songs that we sing
Will be priceless memories, when the years have passed by
And we meet no more together at Mansfield High.

Thus each year has its lessons, its heartache and joy,
For each man and maiden, each school-girl and boy.
And whatever our labors, be they lowly or high,
If we face them undauntingly, we'll achieve by and by.

And now to the Class of '19, we wish you godspeed,
As you pass through these portals and on life's journey proceed,
That will carry you onward to honor and fame
And in life's great school may you write a fair name.

We've been true to the vows made in 1916,
When we entered with misgivings and things unforeseen,
That we would cultivate best with kindness and cheer
And win the respect of all we met here.

And now to Principal and teachers; we thank you one and all,
And hope without one vacancy; we'll meet you in the fall,
And continue work together, in the same old way
With nothing to mar our pleasures, till Our Graduation Day.

HARRY MARLOW—'20

Hyphonerion Staff

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PAUL WATTS ..... Music
EDWARD DANN ..... Social
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EFFLO EGGERT ..... Senior
TED BERGSTROM ..... Junior
ROBERT ACKERMAN ..... Sophomore
JEANETTE HENKEL ..... Freshman

Sub-Reporters

Philip Mitchell, William Bloor, Helen Schroer, Frank Crouse, Nina Figley, Thelma Leach, Lillian Butts, Martha Gray, Paul Saurbury, Herbert Nye, Robert Harbeson, and Rufus Tracy

LaVictoire Staff

Sotherland, Byrd, Price, Crouse,
Hursh, Richardson, Donley
Magee, Conn, Davis, Sword

JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS

Juniors

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

Charles Nail ..... President
Virgil Kirkpatrick ..... Vice President
Helen Bishop ..... Secretary
Warren Rusk ..... Treasurer
Victor Leach ..... Sergeant-at-Arms

Ackerman, Margaret
Ackerman, Charles
Arndt, Emma
Aughey, Lydia
Bahl, Gaylord
Balyeat, Thelma
Barr, Laura
Beam, Ferne
Beck, Margaret
Bein, Helen
Bell, Kenneth
Bell, Ruth
Benson, Helen
Berger, Jack
Bissman, Louise
Bissman, Ruth
Blackman, Bessie
Bloss, Herbert
Bergstrom, Theodore
Boggs, Eulaila
Bookwalter, Floyd
Bricker, Thelma
Bricker, Martin
Brightbill, Hazel
Brown, Lloyd
Brunk, Bertha
Burns, Marion
Bushnell, Alverta
Byrd, Grace
Calhoun, Mary
Campbell, Miriam
Charles, Leta
Chase, Benjamin
Clifford, Gladys
Conant, Roger
Conley, Lillian
Copeland, Glenn
Coss, John
Crabbe, Kenneth
Crider, Paul
Crum, James
Cummins, David
Dann, Edward
Darling, Pauline
Daugherty, Chester
Daum, George
Davis, Blanche
Davis, Earl
Day, Mabel
Dickson, Bernice
Dillinger, Leona
Dishong, Jennings
Doolittle, Lois
Eckert, Mabel
Eckert, Clarence
Edes, Helen
Erdenberger, Russell
Fighter, Owen
Fisher, Charles
Fox, Augustus
Gallager, Paul
Gibson, Edward
Glasener, Ralph
Hautzenroeder, Richard
Haverfield, Dorothy
Heath, Helen
Helter, Ruth
Henry, Hilda
Herring, Dorothy
Heston, Susie
Houston, Erma
Hursh, Paul
Kagey, Martha
Karcher, Harry
Knapp, Lester
Kochheiser, Harland
Koller, Katherine
Laird, Kathryn
Lantz, David
Laughbaum, Ozella
LeGear, Helen
Lewis, Karl
Logan, Florence
Longsdorf, Ethel
Loomis, Warren
Lorow, Lucille
Lyons, Dorothy

Juniors (Concluded)

Marlowe, Harry
Meyer, Ellis
Miller, Margaret
Mitchell, Philip
Moore, Lyman
Mowry, Ruth
Myers, Helen
McBride, Miriam
McCready, Gerald
McCrory, Vera
McLaughlin, Millie
Nail, Charles
Palmer, Katherine
Parsons, Elizabeth
Parry, Beatrice
Pollock, Cathryne
Porch, Russell
Randal, Paul
Redrup, Hale
Richards, Helen
Rusk, Warren
Schultz, Paul
Shively, Mildred
Seidel, Ford
Sigler, Helen
Sonner, Gertrude
Sotherland, Kenneth
Staiger, Leslie
Stanninger, Thelma
Stewart, Gladys
Strang, Marvel
Stull, Gladys
Sturges, Hale
Tappan, Alfred
Terman, Naomi
Thoma, John
Thomas, Kathryn
Thorne, Doris
Tower, Louise
Tryon, Margaret
Underwood, Harold
Upson, Eleanor
Waddle, Jessie
Waring, Janette
Watts, Paul
Wescott, Daisy
Wheeler, Margaret
Willis, Kathryne
Winters, Harold
Wolf, Raymond
Wolford, Mary
Wooden, Martha
Yoha, Irene

IN MEMORIAM

Esther Ish

We did not have much chance to
get acquainted with Esther.
The Junior class certainly regrets
her untimely death.

THE LONG AND SHORT OF IT

BY THE SEA

THE LATE MISS LEONARD (MRS. COOKE)

WHAT HAVE WE HERE——?

PEC O' MY HEART.

NOT QUITE?

CARMEN.

SHY MODESTY?

BOB.

"MAMA'S PRIDE and JOY"

HI-Y "LADS"

OUR LATE BUSINESS MGR.

GET READY

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

FIRST STAFF CASUALITY.

SMILES

"HOT DOGS"

HAPPY.

THE HULA AT IT'S BEST??

PICTURESQUE "SEENS."

INDEED!!

FEATS.

GREEK TO US.

?

WHERE WE FROM DO GO HERE?

K-K KATY.

WAITING FOR THE MAIL -(MALE)

The Will and a Way

"Home, home, sweet, sweet home!
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home."

The group of college boys were gathered about the fire at their fraternity house. They had a jolly evening, singing every conceivable song. But their enthusiasm had died down, no one spoke, each busy with his own thoughts so when one of the boys struck softly the chords of "Home, Sweet Home" it was an expression of their thoughts after the soft twang of the guitar had died away, silence again reigned, while the ruddy glow of the fire lighted the clean cut faces of the boys, some dreamy, some smiling, all thoughtful. At last Dick Allison spoke, "Well, it's home, sweet home for me tomorrow fellows, Christmas is one grand, gay time at our house."

"I'm going, too, tomorrow, added Harold Stye." Great times at Christmas vacation!" See all the folks again. Couple of parties, nice girls and all that you know."

Yes, Harry, we know about 'the nice girls and all that.' Any one of you going to stay here?"

Tom Van Vroom, glanced up from the corner where he sat. "I am," he stated tersely, and relapsed into unaccustomed silence."

"Tough luck," came the equally terse answer from Dick as he cast a quizzical glance at Tom. Why should Tom Van Vroom stay at Darbury for Christmas holidays? Didn't Van Vroom have enough house, if not homes, to which he might go at Christmas? Did he not have a mother and sister? What more could any fellow want and Dick thought with content of the comfortable home with its happy circle to which he would soon return. Yes, his sisters were the best in the world and his father and mother--Ah! Dick smiled happily to himself.

Presently some one on the edge of the circle got up, and slipping into his overcoat, remarked as he glanced out of the window, "Gosh! What a storm! But we should worry, for its home for us tomorrow. Come on, let's go!"

"Right O," agreed Dick. "Come, Tom, are you never going to wake up?"

After much hurry and bustle the boys left the fraternity house with a whoop, bang and slam of the door. Running, yelling and laughing, they breasted the fast increasing storm. Their silent mood was lacked in the fraternity house, their gayety returned with extraordinary force and more than one peaceful citizen turned over in his bed and murmured resignedly, "Oh, those college boys."

Of them all Tom alone was silent. When he and Dick reached their rooms, he threw off his coat and prepared for bed without ado. His jaw was set, his shoulders drooped dejectedly and all the friendly sparkle was gone from his eyes. Plainly something was wrong, and jolly Dick Allison, who had not roomed two years with Tom for nothing, was quick to perceive it. He watched him silently for a few minutes, then turned to him quickly. "Well, Tom, what's up? Too bad you have to stay here. Why don't you—"

"Oh, that's all right. I'll get along somehow. I was just a little sorry for myself when you all were talking about going home. Bad thing that—to be sorry for ones self."

"How does it happen you aren't—err," Dick realized that perhaps his questions were a trifle too personal.

"Well, I guess--read this letter, perhaps that will explain," and Tom extended a rather crumpled letter addressed in a cold formal hand.

As Dick glanced at it, he mentally compared it with the chummy letters his mother wrote. "Dear son,' he read. "Your sister and I are at Palm Beach. I felt that it was too cold in New York for Joanna, so we left for the South last week.

Now if you desire you may come down for your Christmas holidays. I know you do not care for it here, but otherwise you will have to remain at school, as I closed the city house for the winter. I hope you enjoy your holidays. Your Mother." As he finished, he groaned inwardly, so cold, so formal; no wonder Tom was blue. Dick's mind worked with leaps and bounds.

'I say, Tom, come home with me. Mater will be delighted, and theres' no sense in your staying here. We'll have great times. I'll vow my folks will be delighted, especially my sisters. You know they think you are the light of the world, the salt of the —," but a well directed pillow cut off the remainder of the invitation.

"Do you mean that, Dick? I've a great mind—. But, no, that would be an awful imposition."

"Of course I mean it, and it's no imposition at all. The Mater keeps open house at Christmas! Say you'll come, Van."

"Well—Thanks Dick. I can't tell you how—I—" and Tom wrung his roommate's hand so hard that Dick was forced to withdraw to his bed and there nurse that injured member as he glanced reproachfully at Tom.

The next morning Dick stole down street surreptitiously and sent a telegram to his mother. "Rather rough on the mater," he murmured ruefully. "But she's a good scout."

As the train pulled out that afternoon it was crowded with college men leaving for their vacation of a fortnight. Tom and Dick were at last the only Darbury men on the train, and they comfortably ensconced themselves in their chairs for a talk as the train sped on in the deepening winter twilight. The storm of the night before had covered field and mountain and the sturdy spruces that lined the roads with a deep blanket of snow. Dick turned to Tom with a smile. "I guess I ought to tell you of a custom of ours. Every Christmas we gather around the fire while dad reads an old letter that has been in our possession for years. The letters tells of a deed to property in England which some old ancestor of mine possessed, and which he had hidden in the house. Then when the old man came to die, I guess this hidden will or deed worried him, but he was too slick to tell out-right so he wrote the letter, telling that the will was hidden in the secretary in the library. Every one of my honored ancestors have hunted for it, but in vain. The old fellow wrote that it could be found on Christmas Eve. Privately, I think he was out of his mind. But we enjoy the hunt, and since, as youngsters, we were disappointed on finding nothing, the mater would hide some of our presents so we would not come back with empty hands."

"I say, Dick, what did this will or deed supposedly contain?" queried Tom with an interested air.

"Oh, as far as we can determine, it was a deed to valuable English land, the old Heathcote will. But I don't believe it, of course."

"Heathcote, did you say?" snapped Tom.

"Uh huh! What do you know about Heathcote?"

"Oh, nothing. The name is just familiar. Heathcote will, James Heathcote," he murmured as if recalling a half-forgotten phrase.

"James Heathcote! Why that was the name of the man that hid the will. What did you ever hear of him?"

Tom shook his head. He had heard of James Heathcote, but where or when he could not recall. The name was strangely familiar, but he could remember nothing more.

"Well, I wish we—" began Dick, but as the train then slowed down he interrupted himself with a glad shout, grabbed the suit cases and rushed to the front of the car closely followed by Tom. "Here we are. Hi! there's Dad." They jumped from the train, which had barely stopped. Dick dashed forward and grabbed the hand of a handsome man who, with face wreathed in smiles, was hurrying toward them. "Dad!" he cried.

"Well, Dick!" and Mr. Allison glanced keenly into his son's frank face. The two stood for an instant gazing into each other's eyes, each satisfied with what he saw there. With a smile Dick turned to Tom, who was watching him with a half wistful air, "Tom, this is my father! Dad, I want you to know my chum, Tom Van Vroom."

"Glad to have you with us. We were expecting you, Tom." Mr. Allison was very much like his son and his face gave added welcome to his words. "Come now, mother is waiting at home. The girls are quite excited over the prospect of a visitor. Here is the car."

As they sped swiftly along Dick remarked that he had been telling Tom about the hidden will. That Tom should have heard of James Heathcote was to him an interesting coincidence, and as such he told it. But his father, instead of being amused, seemed somewhat startled and vaguely worried. They rode along in silence, a silence that grew more and more disturbing. Finally Mr. Allison spoke in a tone he vainly tried to make calm and unconcerned. "In line with the mentioning of the will, I feel I must tell you of some things that have occurred in the last few days. Perhaps you and Tom can aid in the suppressing of what appears to be a burglar scare."

Tom and Dick were all eyes and ears and interest. The will, the secret drawer, burglars, the mystery of winter storms twinkly lights, awoke the little-boy love of adventure.

"You see," continued Mr. Allison, "the other week I received a letter from Vaughn and Co., New York, in which they asked what had become of the will of a James Heathcote who died in 1814. I confess I was somewhat surprised."

Tom sat up straight. What interest could his uncle, H. T. Vaughn, have in the will of James Heathcote, long dead. Could it be—but Mr. Allison was speaking.

"I wrote back that the will was supposedly in my possession and that repeated efforts to find it had failed. Mr. Vaughn himself wrote back that he would like to have seen it since he had come across a memorandum of his great-grandfather in which this will was mentioned and the fact of its being hidden, and as he was rather interested in old documents, he desired to see it. I thought the whole thing a trifle queer. Why should a wealthy company like that concern itself with the will of a man so long dead. Perhaps it is of some value. Any way, our quest will have more interest this year," he finished, smiling.

"But what," broke out both boys, "of the burglars?"

"Oh, yes!" Mr. Allison's tone was puzzled, but had a rather sheepish quality, as if half ashamed of the statement he was about to make. "Well, the other night, about a week after that correspondence with Vaughn, Anne woke Lois up to tell her that there was a burglar in the house. Lois declared Anne was but experiencing the results of the doughnuts she had eaten, but Anne stuck to her story. A few nights later Lois said she noticed a face at the window when she was sitting alone in the library. The next morning we did find foot-prints about the house, under the library window. Then, as if to cap the climax, they both say they heard strange sounds last night, and as if to verify their statements, I found the library window slightly open and the drawers of the secretary ransacked, but nothing was taken. Strange, for if they had been after money they surely would have taken the fifty or sixty dollars I had in the drawer, and which they must have noticed. Anne declares they were after the will, but I can't credit that."

"Why," queried Dick, "would ordinary burglars hunt for a will. You don't suppose—"

"That's just it," interrupted his father, "if they were sent here for the will, then of what value is that will? If they are just burglars why did they leave the money, which they surely saw? Oh, well, here we are, so we'll drop the subject for the time."

The machine stopped in front of a comfortable looking mansion of the early Colonial type. Standing in the doorway were Mrs. Allison and her two charming daughters. Tom felt the cordiality of their welcome and cast many a glance about

the home-like rooms, but his gaze always wandered back to the dusky curls and rosy cheeks of a young lady called Anne. There was something undefinable and attractive about the Allison family. A close comradeship expressed in a glance, a smile, in the gay repartee and laughter. Tom could not avoid the comparison between his own home and this one. At home his mother dined in state with his sister, bored, languid, beautiful on one side and himself, bored, uncomfortable on the other. Here he found himself next to Lois, a truly enviable position, for Lois was an attractive, fair-haired girl of seventeen, and this seat also gave one the opportunity of watching Anne without being noticed. Here the talk was gay, witty and interesting, centering on the burglar scare. Anne declaring she could scarcely wait until the time came to search the secretary and see if they could not find at last that source of all trouble, the will.

After dinner they gathered in the library and Mr. Allison announced his intention of going over every inch of the cabinet. They removed the books and papers and made a systematic search, all half laughing at their absorption in the search for an almost forgotten will. At last Dick flung himself on the davenport, wiping at a dark smudge on his manly brow, "Whew! I knew, I knew, beloved relatives and friends, the old man was out of his mind. He had a dream when he said he wrote a will. Ugh! All that work for nothing."

"Get up! you lazy sucker!" Tom bent, picked up a cushion from a near by chair and flung it at the prostrate figure. The pillow was promptly and forcibly returned and as Tom dodged it, he fell against the side of the secretary. "Ouch! What a—look!" There in the side of the secretary a tiny door swung back disclosing a small opening. "The secret drawer. The will!" he gasped. All gazed at it in stupification until Anne, slowly put her hand in, drawing out a small dust-covered packet which she gave to her father saying, "Read, Pater." Mr. Allison took the packet, wiped it and began to read in a voice that shook a trifle. "I, James Heathcote, being sound mind and body, do, on the twenty-first day June, year of our Lord 1814, do hereby will and bequeath to the finder of this document and to his heirs forever.....fifty acres of land in England in the county of Warwick, fifteen miles south of the city of Smithwick. The land contains valuable iron deposits unmined. To him who following the scriptural promise, "Seek and ye shall find," to him I will and bequeath this land....."

Silence fell over the little company as they grasped the full purport of the will. Tom, as he sat there, felt his eyes drawn toward the window. With a start, he could scarcely conceal, he saw a face, a face dimly familiar, at the window. Where, where had he seen that face before? Surely he could never have forgotten, the sly, cunning features that appeared, while against the pane, for an instant, then disappeared. Lois relieved the tension by remarking slowly, "Dick, I *know* that Mr. Vaughn, the Iron Man, wanted the will!"

"Say, he is called the Iron Man—I wonder—" began Dick, but his father stopped him with a stern voiced command. "Go now, all of you! We will discuss this in the morning. Goodnight, girls, Tom and Dick."

After Tom went to his room he thought about the appearance of that face. Somehow he felt certain that the man had seen the finding of the will and he felt entuitively that he would return that night to get it. Tom decided to wait until the rest of the family had retired, then to get his "Colt" and steal down stairs. He followed this plan to the letter, and quietly hid himself in the hall at a position near the door which gave him a command over the entire library. As he sat there he pieced together an idea that had come to him that day. His uncle was Harry T. Vaughn, the Iron Man, the letter from him, who to Tom's knowledge, never looked at anything more antique that the Van Vroom coat of arms, than the will with its deed to the iron mines. Could it be possible that——a squeak, a light half circling the room. Tom started to his feet, some one was coming nearer, a half spasmodic fear clutched him, he switched on the lights as he barked, "Hands up!"

The half bent figure turned and laughed cynically as it obeyed the commands. "Well, you got me all right;" then added, "Ain't you Young Van Vroom?"

"Yes." Tom was rather surprised. This man knew him.

"Oh, well, then you'll let me off all right I guess," smiled the man insolently.

"I will, will I?" Hand over that paper!" Tom's voice was stern.

"Not so fast, not so fast, bo. You know that this will says to him what finds, don't it? Tom nodded. "Well, I guess you found it, but I got it. H. T. Vaughn sent me for it. D'you know you're goin' to lose them millions of yourn if you hand this over to these folks. Your uncle's got your money sunk in them iron mines. An' when he finds he ain't got no right to 'em he hunts up the owner. 'Hits the bloke what wrote this will. Your uncle found out all about the stuff, 'e knows 'twas made out to him what finds, so he sent me to find it. I guess you won't jail me, an' lose all your money. These folks 'll never know you saw me take."

Tom was thunderstruck. Then he knew. He had overheard his uncle speaking to this man about the Heathcote will and when his uncle had seen him he turned such a sickly gray. So his money was sunk in those English mines. He would lose some, if not all, if his uncle did not get the will. But he straightened himself, he was a Van Vroom, the will was not his, and a Van Vroom never stole. Then the insidious thought possessed him, would his mother and sister suffer want through a scruple of his, if he should not let this fellow go. Could he—but the fight was over and Tom, taking a firmer grip on his revolver, raised his voice: "Dick! Mr. Allison! I've got him."

With a bound the man sprang for the window, Tom after him. They clinched, strugled and fell. Tom struck out blindly, heard a sudden rush of feet, all went black————.

A few minutes later Tom struggled to a sitting position. Mrs. Allison and Dick were bending over him.

"Did I save the will?" he murmured.

"Old man," said Dick tenderly, "You saved the will."

Katherine Koller—'20

SOPHOMORE

1921

Sophomore Class Poem

"T" is for twenty,
"O" is for one,
Put them together,
You will have twenty-one.

We are proud of our class,
We are proud of its fame;
We are proud of its spirit,
We are proud of its name.

The Seniors can cheer,
The Juniors can bluff,
But the Sophomores are not made
Of that kind of stuff.

When the battle is over,
And the fight has been won,
You will see at the top
Of the list, "Twenty-One."

KENNETH LONG—'21

SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomores

Ackerman, Robert
Aughey, LaRue
Babcock, Grace
Bailey, Harvey
Balyeat, Herman
Bare, Edna
Barr, Marie
Beal, Florence
Beard, Charles
Bell, Alfaretta
Bell, Gertrude
Berry, Viola
Bing, Lawson
Boals, Frend
Bogan, Thelma
Boling, Eugene
Bonham, Ruth
Booze, Lucille
Borchard, Donald
Bristor, Miriam
Brooker, Ruth
Browneller, Dollie
Butz, Edmund
Cairns, Katherine
Cairns, Mary
Caroll, Dorothy
Charles, Dorothy
Cole, Chester
Colwell, Richard
Constance, Elvina
Cook, Leona
Cope, Olive
Crawford, Thelma
Crouch, Charles
Crouch, Eleanor
Day, Lucille
Dice, Ellen
Ditwiler, Dale
Doolittle, Edith
Dow, Olive
Eichelberger, Elizabeth
Elliot, Philip
Emery, Mabel
Engwiler, Christine
Evans, Dorothy
Fensch, Edwin
Fernyak, Josephine
Fisher, Paul
Fitzsimmons, Harvey
Flowers, Mary
Fraley, Beatrice
Frisby, Roswell
Funston, Foster
Garber, Louise
Goetz, Joe
Gresmer, Margaret
Grogg, Alice
Hafley, Henrietta
Hagelbarger, Isabelle
Hall, Lester
Harbaugh, Harold
Harbaugh, Mary
Harbeson, Robert
Harris, Roger
Hayes, Charles
Hemperly, Anna
Henley, Edith
Henry, Vaughn
Herring, Gaylord
Herring, Irma
Hill, Catherine
Hoffman, Mildred
Houston, Bertha
Hunt, Ross
Imhoff, Carl
Imhoff, Clay
Johns, Ethel
Johnson, Efflo
Johnson, Raymond
Jones, Mildred
Kemble, Kenneth
Kemp, Marie
Kennedy, Louise
LaBarre, Osler
Lape, Bosworth
Lape, Mary
Leaman, Lloyd
Leary, Blanche
Lee, Mary
Leedale, Helen
Long, Jay
Long, Kenneth
Lorimer, Florence
Lucas, Carrie
Manitzer, Irma
Martin, Sars
May, Russill
Miller, Lucille
Milletello, Joseph
Moore, Carrie
Mowry, Rozelyn
Mowry, Ruth
Mumert, Frank
Muth, Earl
McCready, Helen

Sophomores (Concluded)

McCrory, Harrison
McFadden, Gladys
McKee, Hugh
McMullen, Mary
Neer, Karl
Newlon, Mildred
Nichols, Dorothy
Nolin, Emily
Novotng, Marie
Nye, Herbert
Oster, Elize
Padgett, Robert
Page, Helen
Palm, Edwin
Parker, Florence
Parsons, Richard
Pearson, Helen
Pierce, Walter
Pohlman, Martha
Poling, Raymond
Poth, Ray
Rantz, Lucille
Reinhardt, James
Reinhardt, Richard
Reed, Mary
Remy, Marie
Richardson, Robert
Rife, Gayle
Ritchie, Paul
Robinson, Lawrence
Robinson, Treva
Robinson, Hester
Robinson, Alfred
Ropp, Mary
Ross, Eleanor
Rusk, Herbert
Sarbry, Paul
Schafer, Margaret
Schreidt, Frank
Schroeder, Minnie
Seymour, Doris
Shaffer, Murray
Sheets, Garnet
Schettler, Herbert
Smith, Glenn
Smithisler, Frances
Snyder, Leona
Somers, Margaret
Sowash, Harry
Stahlheber, Fritz
Stephan, Leland
Stone, Clyde
Stone, Vera
Stortz, Kathryn
Sutter, Charles
Swisher, Dale
Taylor, George
Teeter, Walter
Theaker, Samuel
Them, Robert
Tower, Marie
Tracy, Rufus
Trimble, Lois
Uhlich, Marie
Urich, Christina
VanTilburg, Martha
Wagenhals, Jacob
Warner, Barton
Warrack, Arthur
Watson, Gordon
Welty, LeRoy
Wendland, Louis
Wert, Ileta
Wolf, Herman
Wolfarth, Clarence
Workman, Joe
Young, Alberta
Zimmerman, Bernice

IN MEMORIAM

Earl Lutz

With deep regret we learned of
the death of Earl.
Although very quiet, every one liked him.
He is greatly missed by his Sophomore classmates.

The Dread Prophecy

The wind howled and shrieked; the rain beat against my face in fine, stinging particles, in spite of the fact that I kept my head lowered; the dark seemed thick enough to cut with a knife; it was oppressive. March was upholding her name.

Besides these things, a fear of lower Paris gripped me. I had heard stories, almost too horrible to relate, of the thieves who infested these parts. A strange presentiment came over me of something I could not define; something not to come in one tremendous blow, but bit by bit, until I was overpowered. My fear increased as I saw by my watch, by means of a dimly burning street lamp, which sputtered like a candle in a mist, that it was growing toward midnight.

I increased my pace and began to whistle. This only added to the spell. Suddenly a tall muffled figure stepped out from a dark doorway and accosted me.

"Monsieurr le Fere," said a voice, soft and melodious, "it is not well that you should be on this street a night like this. Something might happen." This threateningly. "Good-night, Monsieur."

"Wait," I cried. But too late; the figure had dissolved into the mist.

It seemed now that danger lurked in every shadow. I hailed a passing cab and entered it, giving the driver my address, which was number 6, ——— Place.

We had gone but a short distance when we stopped in answer to a peculiar whistle. On looking out I perceived the same tall figure, which had stopped me in the street. The man, for so it was, was approaching the coachman, who was now on the ground, rapidly.

"Well, Jean," he said, coming up, "I see you are on time."

"Always, my Lord," responded the coachman. "It has just struck twelve."

"I saw le Fere tonight, Jean. He is worried. If I only knew his address, it would be so much easier. You have a passenger, Jean?"

"Yes."

"Who, do you know?"

"Yes, it is le Fere."

"What! You have him there, yet you do nothing?"

"Peace, my Lord," came softly from Jean. "We must not forget our plan. Also we must not talk so loud. He will hear."

"True, Jean, I forgot myself. Give me his address, then go."

I heard the driver mount to the box and then we drove away. I arrived at my apartments in a little while and, slipping into a warm bath-robe, seated myself before the fire, for the weather was chilly. I could not go to sleep. I had to combat with a force I did not understand.

But, in spite of my worries, toward morning, I fell asleep. I awoke with a start; some one had touched me; looking around, I saw my valet, Louis, at my elbow.

"Does master wish his breakfast this morning?" he asked.

"No, Louis, but I wish to speak with you. You are to let no one in here without my permission. If you fail in this, DO NOT LET THEM OUT."

I knew I was perfectly safe in trusting Louis in this matter, as he had served me faithfully for several years.

I remained shut up in my room all day, starting at every little noise. During the evening, however, I decided I would get a breath of fresh air. I put on my wraps and went out. The air was cold and crisp; the stars were shining brightly out of a clear, dark blue dome; a soft radiance in the east told me that the moon, a full one, was rising.

I had completed my walk and was returning home, my worries almost forgotten when my heart froze within me. Approaching me rapidly was that tall, cloaked figure. What could I do? It would do no good to run, for he would catch me, also a sudden weakness had come over me. I resolved to put up a bold front and try to walk past him. Just as I was passing him his hand shot out, gripping my arm in a grip of steel.

"A minute, le Fere, you seem to be in a hurry," come ironically from the depths of the cloak, "but I have something to say to you." He paused.

"Le Fere," he said, leaning closer, "can you think of anything you have done in your past life, which you would be sorry for; anything you would be ashamed of?"

"No," replied Le Fere, "I can think of nothing for I have done nothing to be sorry for. As to being ashamed, I have nothing to be ashamed of. All my life I have been honest."

"Le Fere, you are either lieing or you have forgotten a little episode in your past life. Henceforth you will be a wretched man. I have you in my power. The world will know of your infamy. I will publish it broadcast. In truth, sir, you *will* be a wretched man. I will not give you death; that would let you out too easy."

"How am I in your power? You know of nothing I have done in years past; you cannot carry out your threats."

"Perhaps you think so. I see you have forgotten a certain letter, which contains your report which you sent to—well, let us say, your chief, about three years back. Good-night," and with a mocking laugh, he was gone. I roused myself from the dumb stupor in which I had listened to his last speech and hastened home. Louis met me at the door.

"Louis," I asked, "has anyone been here while I was out?"

"No one, master, except the man you sent for your letters."

"My letters? Surely you did not give them to him, Louis?"

"Certainly, master. He showed me your order for them."

I rushed to my secretary and opened the drawer in which I kept my personal papers. Not a thing was there. With a moan I sank into the nearest chair.

"Master, what is the matter?"

"Louis," I said, turning toward him slowly, "I am ruined, not in a matter of finance, but in character."

The next day I could eat nothing. I became steadily weaker. I knew, now, what that man's prophecy meant. "A wretched man." That could not begin to express my condition, my feelings. How long was this to continue? "Henceforth," that man had said. I would welcome death, but he had said he would not give it to me.

I was sitting near an open window, when something struck me lightly on the cheek. Looking down at the carpet, I saw a small square of white paper. Opening this I read: "Do not leave your apartments. A Friend."

Why this warning?

Who was this unknown friend?

Why should I not leave my apartments?

Then a thought flashed through my mind: The disappearance of the letter while I was out. If this warning had only come sooner, I would not have left my apartments and that cursed letter would still be in my possession. But the situation could not be mended, I must make the best of it and I resolved to do so. Here Louis interrupted me.

"A caller, master."

"Who is it?"

"A tall man in a long, black, high-collared cloak."

"Show him in," I said, trembling.

The man entered slowly.

"Le Fere," he said, "I came to tell you with whom you have to deal," and he threw off his cloak.

"Garveaux!" I gasped. "I thought—"

"Yes," he answered, "you thought I was dead. But your dagger did not go deep enough, Le Fere, you were in too much of a hurry, as you always were. You failed in taking my life, but not in taking my wife and children. Their estrangement is complete. All this was to satisfy the whim of your countess, but she is no more, she cannot protect you any longer, therefore I will take my revenge as I deem best. You have not wife or children, but you have Life, and I know you love it. I am going to make that life miserable. I will drive you mad. Every one will spurn you and curse you. Can you conceive anything more horrible than that? I hope not. Good-bye." He passed out silently.

I went to my bed-room, and flinging myself on the bed, sobbed, I know not why.

One by one, as the days and weeks passed by, my friends began to leave me. The strain I was under began to tell on me. Several times Louis found me mumbling incoherently to myself. Was I to go mad, too, as that man had said? I feared it. And the fear drove me deeper into my despair.

One night, several weeks after Garveaux's last appearance I went to bed thoroughly worn out and, contrary to the usual order of things, dropped to sleep. Toward dawn, as I judged, I was awakened by the wind blowing across me. On looking up, I saw that the shutters of my window, which I had closed before retiring, were wide open. I jumped out of bed and turned on the lights. Then it was I noticed a piece of paper pinned on one of the curtains. On it were the words: "Garveaux is dead."

I was mad with joy as I had been mad with despair. By some instinct I ran to my secretary. That awful letter was in its accustomed place. I burned it at once, so that it could give me no more anxiety. Now I had nothing to fear. The coachman was only a tool of Garvenaux. With a prayer, the first for a long time, on my lips, I dropped to sleep in one of the chairs.

Robert Ackerman—'21

Freshie
J. Crouse '19

We Freshies

We greet the High School with many cheers,
But they grow louder with the advance of years,
This year we're small, but not unseen,
We've shown those Juniors and Seniors we're not so green.
But wait! We Freshies still have our ambitions,
Which follow those before us in rapid succession.

FLORENCE BAER—'22

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman

Albrecht, Robert
Alderman, Ruth
Arnold, Bill
Antrican, Mary
Au, Zada
Bair, Virgil
Bare, Florence
Baker, Evelyn
Baker, Rella
Banks, Helen
Bard, Amy
Barnett, Robert
Barnhill, Clifton
Beard, Robert
Beer, Marie
Benson, Albert
Berlo, Helen
Bishop, Alton
Bishop, Sarah
Black, Thelma
Bloom, Anna
Bloor, William
Boals, Alma
Bobo, Walter
Bobo, Helen
Boyce, Dale
Brewer, Carlo
Bride, Robert
Britton, Alice
Bronker, Barton
Brooker, Ida
Brown, Anna
Brown, Mary
Bruce, Harold
Burgett, Richard
Burneson, Myron
Bush, Thelma
Bush, Ralph
Butts, Lillian
Byerly, Ethel
Byrd, Margaret
Cairns, Florence
Campbell, Robert
Chapman, Naomi
Clements, William
Cline, Donna
Clingan, Martha
Condrin, John
Conley, Mary
Constance, Ralph
Cook, Margery
Cook, Josephine
Copeland, LaFern
Correll, John
Crabb, Mildred
Craig, Faye
Craighead, Eileen
Crider, Nihl
Crosby, Alice
Crouse, Frank
Crum, Herthel
Cunningham, Robert
Daugherty, Ralph
Davis, Lora Bell
Dewitt, Mildred
Dickerson, Eunice
Downs, Ruth
Drake, Clinton
Dysart, Harold
Eldridge, Edra
Erlich, Edith
Ernsberger, Kenneth
Eyerly, Ross
Feeny, Marjorie
Fields, Avenelle
Figley, Nina
Fineburg, Mary
Finical, Hazel
Fisher, Edward
Fisher, Marjorie
Frey, Mary
Fritz, Carl
Galbraith, Harold
Galliger, Dean
Garn, Clyde
Geisel, Christopher
Gibson, Russell
Gilbert, Geraldine
Gilkison, Wallace
Gimble, Pearl
Gorad, Maxine
Grabosky, Martha
Gray, Martha
Gump, Martha
Guithrie, Carlton
Haag, Adam
Hachten, Albert
Hahn, Ruth
Hahn, William
Hale, Martha
Hale, Noah
Hall, Florence
Hamblin, Elorna
Harding, Ruth
Hardwidge, Helen

Freshman (Continued)

Harnley, Vivian
Harnley, Raymond
Harris, Mable
Hart, Mary
Hassenger, Clarence
Heath, Alden
Henderson, Ronald
Henkel, Jeanette
Herbrandt, Gertrude
Herring, Fern
Hess, Esther
High, Idabelle
Hink, Naomi
Holmes, Margaret
Homerick, Reid
Hoppe, Lucille
Hout, Lucille
Hout, Wilma
Hower, Fred
Hughes, Elizabeth
Humbert, Russell
Hunter, Vivian
Hunter, Russell
Hursh, Wayne
Jacobie, Dorothy
Jenny, Reginal
Jesson, Frederick
Johnson, Miriam
Jones, Viola
Kalmerten, Doris
Karl, Frances
Kashefska, Paul
Keating, Helen
Keefe, Marian
Keith, Robert
Kemp, Cecilia
Kissane, Agnes
Knarr, Stewart
Kolb, Mary
Krauter, Agnes
Krusheld, Herbert
Kuhlmann, Louise
Kyle, Harriett
Laird, Russell
Lamberton, Ruth
Lawrence, Corrine
Leach, Thelma
Leah, Howard
LeBerth, Margaret
Leistensnider, George
Lemley, Cora
Lemon, Estelle
Lemunyon, Mary
Lenhart, Arnold
Lindegger, Elsie
Lindeman, Louise
Linham, Chester
Lister, Lloyd
Lommatzsch, Emil
Long, Clyde
Loistte, Maurine
Long, William
Longsdorf, Robt.
Lorow, Helen
Lutz, Naomi
Maguire, Markley
Malone, Edith
Manner, Hazel
Martin, Alfretta
Martin, Florence
Martin, Kathryn
Massa, Ruth
Matthes, Gertrude
Miller, Edmund
Miller, Thomas
Miller, Dorothy
Miller, Mabel
Miller, Mildred
Mink, Robert
Mitchel, Rhea
McBride, William
McKee, Mark
McLean, Donald
McVicar, Chester
McVicar, Lester
MacCally, Mildred
McElroy, Hazel
McKinley, Helen
McLean, Margie
Morris, Donna
Mosberg, Freda
Nolan, Margaret
Old, Paul
Ott, Louis
Palmer, Leo
Peace, John
Peppard, Gretchen
Phipps, Russell
Pitney, William
Pittenger, Fern
Rees, Wilber
Remy, Wilber
Reynolds, Agatha
Ritchie, Thelma
Rowlands, Ruth
Roth, Albert
Ruhl, Willard
Ryder, Reginal
Sawhill, Harvey
Sayles, Harold
Schafer, Bertha

Freshman (Concluded)

Schafer, Margaret
Schroer, Helen
Scot, Mary
Selby, Gerald
Selby, Harold
Seymour, Karl
Semour, Florence
Shannon, Frances
Shiedler, Mary
Shingleton, Helen
Shively, Faye
Shocker, Ned
Shuler, Helen
Shutt, Charles
Sigler, Harold
Smith, Helen
Smythe, Barbara
Snodgrass, Russell
Sommers, Helen
Spear, Carmolette
Speiser, Donald
Starrett, Richard
Stecker, William
Stillwell, Thelma
Stull, Avesta
Stuff, Paul
Stull, Harold
Stull, Rolla
Sunday, Blanche
Sunkel, Kathryn
Taylor, Virgil
Thoma, Miriam
Thorne, Jack
Tobias, James
Traxler, Roscoe
Uhlich, Virgie
Voegele, Susannah
Walter, Lillian
Warne, Robert
Watkins, Edward
Watts, Beatrice
Weaver, John
Weldon, William
Wharton, Marhat
Wheeler, Eva
Wheeler, Cyrus
Whittier, Josephine
Wiegand, Marvel
Williams, Dolores
Wilson, George
Winters, Raymond
Witschi, Lydia
Witter, Elizabeth
Wolfe, Norman
Young, Charles
Zediker, Edna
Ziemke, Arvada
Zimmerman, Eleanere

IN MEMORIAM

Ruth Eulitz

Ruth was friendly with all.
This makes her death the more regretable.
Her decease is mourned by all of
the Freshman class.

A Young Volunteer

It was spring. The birds singing, the trees sprouting, the sun shining, everything proclaimed spring, even the most downhearted people began to feel its influence and grow happier.

On a porch around the village store, the men of Riversville, Connecticut, were discussing the weather, the crops, the latest events, and everything of public interest. It was nearly time for the daily mail and every man that could possibly come was there to receive it.

"Here it comes," shouted James Everett, a young man who had just driven up.

All eyes were turned at these words towards a buggy coming down the road at breakneck speed. "War with Germany! War with Germany!" shouted the driver.

After that absolute confusion reigned. Everyone trying to get a paper, and those who were not fortunate enough to have one looked on with his neighbor.

During the next few weeks many men enlisted, among whom was James.

Nine months later a rain-soaked youth in a marines' uniform was standing in a muddy trench. It was cold and drizzling and very different from what James Everett had expected. He dreamed only of brave deeds and valor on the battle fields; but how, he wondered, could a man gain honor in a muddy trench with no fighting going on, as it seemed. In that, however, he was destined for a surprise, for that night the heavy artillery on both sides started and continued until nearly daybreak.

The next night the Captain asked for volunteers for a night raid, to try and ascertain how many men the Germans had and whether or not they were planning for an attack. So James, still with his dreams of medals and bravery, volunteered along with five other men.

Before going he was furnished with hand grenades and told to use them, if necessary, but to make no more trouble than was necessary. So he, with the rest, started crawling along as noiselessly as possible and trying to detect the German wires by feeling. At last he came to them and commenced the process of cutting wires.

James was so intent upon doing this that he forgot his comrades, and when he did finally look for them, they had disappeared. At first he was almost tempted to start back, but there rose before his eyes a vision of the CROIX DE GEURRE, and with the determination to kill or be killed, he went on, secretly resolving not to return until he had something to show for his trip.

It was raining, the slow, monotonous drizzle which seems to entirely pervade the trenches; and it was very hard to move on the slippery ground, torn up as it was with shells which formed large holes. Nevertheless, James had passed all of the wires and was congratulating himself on his (thus far) safe journey, when he heard some one groping toward him. He waited with beating heart, almost afraid to breathe. He did not know whether this was one of his comrades or the sentry that he had heard challenge him. He soon found out, however, for, as the fellow came close to James, he stumbled and muttered a few words in German.

James hit him over the head with the butt of his rifle and he fell to the ground, his earthly troubles ended. James waited to see if any one had heard him, but as all was quiet, he went on again.

No more sentries bothered him and he was soon at the edge of the German trenches. Looking around, he saw no one near, but a light shone from a dugout and he heard some one talking; so he cautiously made his way to the source of the lights and looked into the dugout.

This appeared to be one of the better class of dugouts as there were boards on the floor, a kerosene lamp, and a table, around which some Germans were seated. On the table was a map in which they seemed very much interested, as they were discussing it, and one officer who looked to be the superior of the others, was drawing a line through it.

James knew very little German and could understand nothing that the officers said, but he was convinced that the paper was a map which would be of some use to the Americans. Instantly his whole being was fired with a desire to get that map. Any way! It would make no difference if he would be killed in the act, he must contrive in some way to get that map to his own trenches! But suddenly he stopped and reflected, how was he going to get it? Five Germans, and probably many more who would be there the instant any noise was made, were pitted against one. Nevertheless he would get that map if he had to fight a whole company of Germans for it.

With this determination he was going to start his conquest when he heard some one coming. He flattened himself against the wall and waited. Slowly the form came on, but James' heart sank, for as it came nearer, he discovered that there were two men instead of one. Slowly his hopes faded. If it had been one he could have shared the sentry's fate, but while James was doing this the other German could give the alarm and every man in the dugout would be there.

As quickly as his hopes had dropped they now rose as he recognized two of his comrades coming. One was Corporal John Taylor, a lean, lank Missourian, whom James had always liked, and the other was Private Frank Wagner of Toledo.

James quickly and quietly stopped them, explained the situation they were in and unfolded his plan. It met with approval and preparations were made to carry it out. James ran to the door of the dugout and cried, "Surender! This whole trench is captured." The last part he spoke in German.

The Germans held up their hands and while the Corporal kept them covered, James seized the precious map. But by this time the rest of the occupants of the trench came running to discover the cause of the noise. Now it was every man for himself, so James ran across the trench and into "No Man's Land" in a very short time. The Corporal and Private Wagner had disappeared.

The Germans would not give up so easily and started firing in the direction that James had gone. Before he realized it, a shell had hit him and he fell to the ground. By great exertion on his part he finally managed to reach a shell hole and fell in fainting with exhaustion, the excitement of the night and loss of blood.

James awoke with a start and looked around. The Corporal and Private Wagner were sitting beside him in the mud.

"Where am I?" he asked feebly.

Then in a flash it all came back to him.

"Quick! look and see if the map is all right."

"Did you get it?" the Corporal asked anxiously.

"You bet I got it, and it should be in my coat pocket," James answered.

The Corporal reached in and pulled out a paper which proved to be the precious map; and although rather muddy, it was still clear enough to be made out.

"How did you fellows get here?" asked James.

"Oh! we sneaked over to the other end of the trench when we saw you get away. In the general confusion that resulted, we were not recognized. Say, they sure have a bunch of men. I'll bet they are planning for a drive soon. These came here by the shell holes, crawling from one to the other, but Fritz did not give us time to get back to our trenches. That is our main objective now. I wish you did not have that bad wound in your shoulder. How does it feel now?" asked Private Wagner.

"Oh, don't worry about that. Just a little scratch. Doesnt' hurt any." But his white face and compressed lips belied his words.

It was broad daylight by this time, and the Germans were still firing. They were

determined to destroy that map if they could not regain it, as it would be very valuable to the enemy. It would reveal some of their military secrets and the plans of the great drive, on which they had based so many hopes.

At first the Germans were contented to fire over "No Man's Land," but now they started dropping shells in nearly every hole that they thought the Americans might be in.

"Whee! That was a close one," said the Corporal, as a shell tore up the ground near them and threw mud all over him. "We'll have to vacate soon or one might accidentally hit us."

"I'll tell you what we'll do, fellows," said James, who had been doing some hard thinking for the last half hour. "I'll start out this way, and after their attention is attracted, you start toward the trenches with the map." He could never forget that map even in the most critical moments.

"But you will be shot," protested the Corporal.

"Well, suppose I am," retorted James, "if we stay here much longer we will all be shot, the captain will never get the map, and the attack will be wholly unexpected. You know we have not many men in the trenches and the Germans could easily capture the front line trenches, at least, while we get reenforcments. Any way I couldn't get back with this sore shoulder. Better one be killed than three."

As he couldn't find an answer for this forceful argument, the Corporal consented. So James started on his dangerous errand. The other two had not far to go, and reached the American trenches before the Germans detected them.

But what of James? Poor James! As soon as he was seen by the Germans ten rifles went up, ten aims were taken, ten shots were fired; all at one person. One person, whose only dreams were of bravery, and because of this, willingly sacrificed his life and gave his all. That was true bravery. But what will the world know of his deed? A line in the paper, a letter to his parents, that's all. Deeds of bravery and heroism are a common sight to the soldiers of war and that act will soon be forgotten. His body will, probably like many others, never be buried and his grave never even marked with a wooden cross. When in the paper it will be stated that the Germans started a great drive and were properly repulsed, the newspaper men who print it and the people of the world who read it will never know that this was made possible by one boys' noble and heroic sacrifice.

MILDRED CRABBE—'22

ATHLETICS.
F. Crouse

Coach Foster

Last year Coach Foster came to us from Ohio Wesleyan University and the Illinois School for Athletic Coaches and returned to us this year from the Great Lakes Naval Training Station, with the result that he is perfectly fitted to coach our Athletic Teams.

Our coach, backed by the undergraduates, has reorganized athletics, and although the fullest details of the reorganization will not be shown for a year or two, we will soon be able to note the increased efficiency and interest in the Department of Physical Education.

Under the new system M. H. S. will have Foot Ball, Track, Base Ball and Basket Ball Varsity Team and inter-class teams in the same sports. M. H. S. will also be represented in an Athletic Conference composed of Galion, Bucyrus, Ashland, Delaware and Marion.

With these systematic plans for increasing Mansfield High's prestige in inter-scholastic competition it bids fair to place us in black face type on the athletic map of Ohio.

It is due to Coach Foster's untiring efforts that this has been attained and Mansfield High's showing at Delaware is sufficient proof of his ability.

We have also to thank Mr. Dent, who assisted our team to get a start in Basket Ball, and Mr. Schneck, who is acting as assistant Base Ball Coach.

Faculty Manager Jacobs

Mr. Jacobs, very conservative and attentive to business, was an all-round good fellow, and Manager for our teams this year. We are hoping that he will again be with us next year.

STUDENT MANAGER PAUL HURSH

Hurshy has shown during the past Basket Ball season that as student manager he has been a success. From painting sidewalks, moving foot ball bleachers, marking base ball fields and selling tickets Hurshy was right there. He will be on deck next year in the same capacity.

OUR CHEER LEADERS

Harold Donley, as cheer leader, has directed the organized cheering in this year's activities in a very satisfactory manner. No rally, celebration or contest would be complete without him and we will surely miss him next year. Donley has an able assistant in Edward Dann, who will be expected to fulfill Donley's duties next year.

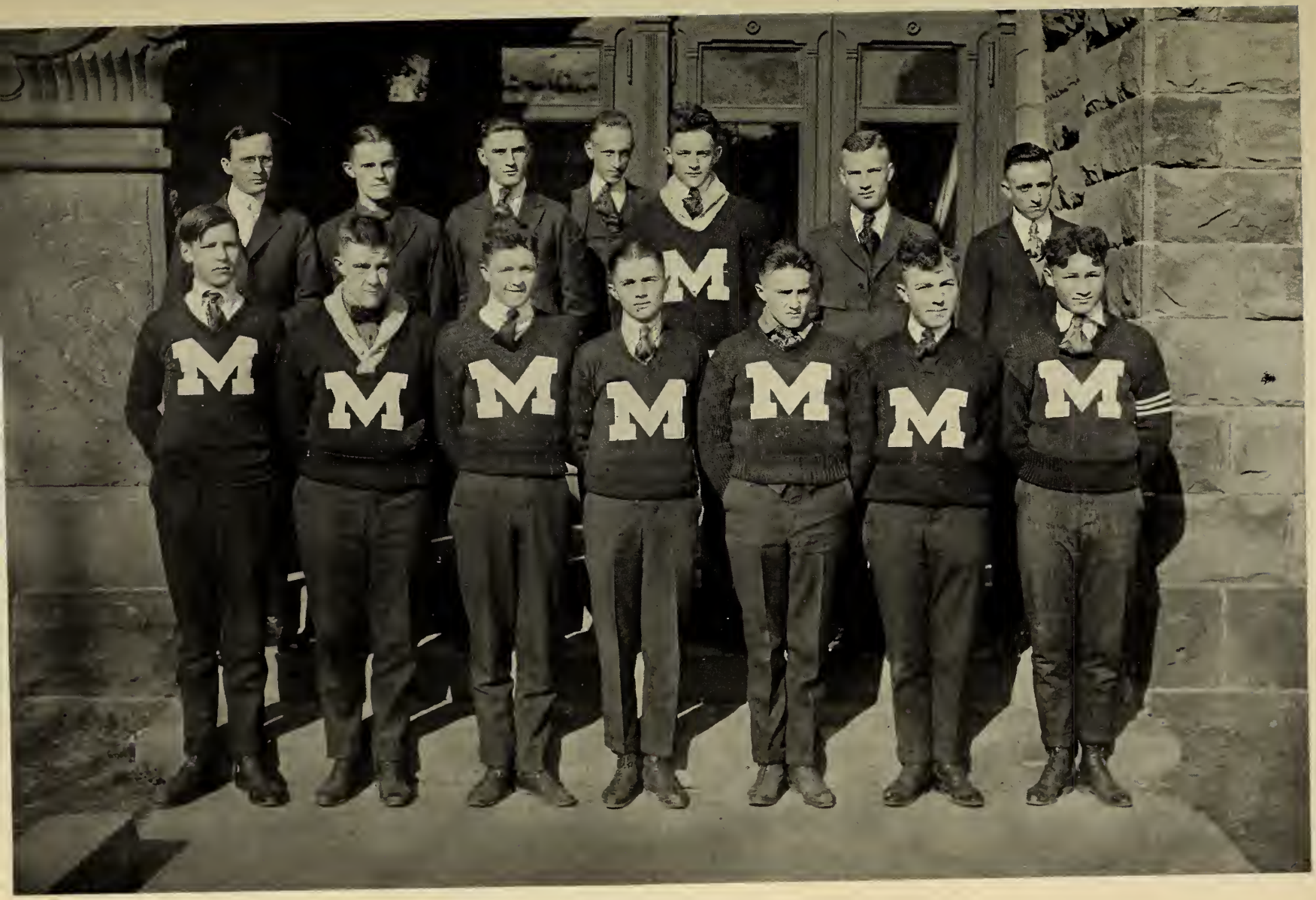
"M" Association

The "M" Association is an association to create better athletics by having those who participate in our games and represent us keep themselves in the proper physical condition and play a clean game, whether winning or losing.

The "M" Association is composed of the men who have earned their letters on the various High School teams. High School spirit has been on the decline for several years, but the showing of our team this year brought us to life and the association intends to keep our school first in enthusiasm and support in the coming years.

The members of the association are:

Sotherland, President.....Foot Ball, Captain; Basket Ball, Captain (18)
Nail, Secretary .....Foot Ball; Basket Ball, Captain (19)
Herr, Treasurer .....Foot Ball; Basket Ball
Watts, Business Manager .....Foot Ball
Schuler .....Basket Ball
Coss .....Foot Ball; Basket Ball
Leach .....Foot Ball; Basket Ball
Fox .....Foot Ball
Bergstrom .....Basket Ball
Robison .....Foot Ball
Snyder .....Foot Ball; Basket Ball
Oster .....Foot Ball
Ferguson .....Foot Ball
Kirkpatrick .....Foot Ball



"M" ASSOCIATION

Mansfield High School's Foot Ball season was one which will be long remembered at old M. H. S. Not one team scored upon us, and our goal was never threatened, but, kind reader, please remember that our season consisted of one victorious game over Shelby High, 19-0.

Coach Fransisco, who was with us until the "Flu" caused school to be closed and the remaining six games of our schedule to be canceled, developed the team the six weeks he coached to such an extent that those who saw the team in action against Shelby really believed that, at last, Mansfield High could hold her own against any High School of her size.

Athletics, this year, have entered upon a great period of success, as those who can read the signs of the times, notice a healthy increase in varsity athletics. Mansfield High School has never been in the rear ranks and we see no reason why she should not take an even higher place in all branches of inter-scholastic activities.

A better man than Cy Sotherland for the position of captain could not have been found. In the one game of the season he successfully led his team to victory. Paul Watts, after three years of brilliant playing, was chosen to lead next year's eleven.

1.	Sotherland	L. T.
2.	Fox	F. B.
3.	Snyder	Q. B.
4.	Herr	R. H.
5.	Leach	R. E.
6.	Coss	L. E.
7.	Nail	F. B.
8.	Robison	R. G.
9.	Ferguson	L. G.
10.	Padgett	C.
11.	Oster	L. H. B.
12.	Kirkpatrick	L. E.
13.	Watts	R. T.

FOOT BALL TEAM

BASKET BALL

The schedule this year was a very hard one, but from a total of sixteen games played only three were defeats, and these were received from the strongest teams in the state. The one regretable feature of the entire season was the defeat we received at Ashland's hand on our home floor the first game of the season. This was evened, when on a journey to Ashland, we defeated our ancient rivals twenty-four to twenty, in what proved to be the most exciting game of the season.

Up to this time the team had not been able to secure a permanent coach, and when our team went to Akron and played the strong Akron South Five it was because of the lack of coaching that they were defeated fourty-one to nineteen.

Then, upon Mansfield's athletic horizon appeared a coach who was none other than Mr. Foster, whose ability as a coach had been recognized by us when he coached our team for a short time the preceding year. His appearance here resulted in M. H. S. not losing a game for the remainder of the schedule, and competing for the Northern Ohio Championship in the finals of the State tournament.

"Spike" Nail, Right Forward.

Captain Nail in Basket Ball displayed the same characteristic which he shows in other activities in which he is engaged and that is—faithfulness. Both in practice and in the game he put forth every ounce of energy which he possessed. "Spike" made a good Captain and by being a hard working player set a fine example for his team mates.

BASKET BALL RESULTS

M. H. S., 28—Ashland, 34	M. H. S., 30—Tiffin, 27
M. H. S., 29—Norwalk, 23	M. H. S., 39—Millersburg, 9
M. H. S., 28—Alumni, 20	M. H. S., 34—Marion, 21
M. H. S., 19—Akron S., 41	M. H. S., 24—Ashland, 20
M. H. S., 18—Galion, 14	M. H. S., 38—Sandusky, 26
M. H. S., 4—Millersburg, 22	M. H. S., 33—Wooster, 8

"Tournament"

The showing made at Delaware was one that Mansfield High should be proud of, since playing as the under dog and dark horse of the Tourney, the Red and White team defeated four teams and by so doing returned to Delaware on the fifteenth of March and played the strong Cleveland East Tech team for the Championship of Northern Ohio. This game was lost, but not through slow play by the fellows or incompetent coaching, but the brakes of the game were against us and the guarding of East Tech men prevented our forwards from rolling in the baskets. The results of the Tournament games were:

M. H. S., 14—Barberton, 13

M. H. S., 19—Wasseon, 12

M. H. S., 34—Galion, 11

M. H. S., 14—Fostoria, 9

M. H. S., 15—East Tech., 25

So, although we were defeated, we have a list of victories which makes us feel justly proud of our team. Prospects for next season are especially bright and the record next year should be even better than that of the present season.

The "Scrubs"

As our esteemed coach says, "A First team is what the Second team makes it," so we feel that our second team should receive a great deal of credit for the splendid work it has done this year. The second team was composed of the following players: "Slim" Rusk, "Nebo" Redrup, "Early" Davis, "Kenny" Sotherland, "Fritz" Miller and "Gussie" Fox.

"Cy" Sotherland, Right Guard

"Cy" played guard and his ability to fill his position was shown by his being selected ALL OHIO Guard. No member of the Mansfield team for the past two years has been more reliable than Sotherland. He is an ideal floor guard, a fast and hard worker. We wish him all the success in the world.

John Coss, Center

"Cossy" was one of those who completed the Mansfield quintet and made its work notable. A good basket shooter and always in the game. He has been with us three years and old M. H. S. is glad "Cossy" will be with us again next year.

"She" Herr, Left Guard

When "She" started out after the ball he was sure to get it, and having gotten it he would hang onto it with bull-dog tenacity. His guarding was an asset to the team and he will certainly be missed on the Varsity next year.

Ted Bergstrom, Left Forward

The quickness with which he could travel over the floor enabled Teddy to be a regular team worker. This game quickness enables him to be back in his place at the right time. Teddy leaves us to go to Chicago at the end of this season and we wish him success and are sure that he will make good.

"Hank" Schuler, Center

"Hank's" work for the past two years has been both consistent and conscientious. Mansfield High's defences never weakened when "Hank" went into the game. This year ended his athletic activities and we are sincerely sorry to have him leave us.

"Vic" Leach, Guard

It made little difference what game Victor got in this year, he came out "Victor." Vic's ability can be vouched for by the fellows who held down the regular Varsity positions, as he was a speedy little guard. He should surely give some one a hard fight for a regular place on the team next year.

SECOND TEAM

Base Ball

In accordance with the new athletic policy of enlarging High School activities, M. H. S. is to be represented by a base ball team which at this time promises to uphold the honors of our school in the same manner as have our Foot Ball and Basket Ball teams.

Base ball is now a recognized major sport and there is no doubt that Mansfield High will make a name for itself in this activity. Plenty of equipment has been ordered, which includes new uniforms, base balls and bats.

At our first practice forty candidates reported and at the end of two weeks our coach was able to cut the squad to eighteen men who will remain for the rest of the season. Just before our first game at Shelby, uniforms were given to ten men, and although there may be a shift in the line-up, the majority of the fellows will remain on the team.

At a meeting of the team an election of Captain resulted in the election of Augustus Fox, better known as "Gus" Fox. As "Gus" is a consistent player and rather quiet, we are sure he will make a good Captain for our team.

The earnest and enthusiastic instruction given by Coaches Foster and Schneck should make Mansfield High's first base ball team a success.

A nine game schedule has been arranged, and although the teams we will compete with will be more experienced, we surely know that our representative team will show that we mean business and that it will not be through lack of pep or poor coaching if we are defeated, and, as we turn out more experienced teams we will prove this to them.

Our first game with Shelby resulted in a victory for us; the score was M. H. S. 5, Shelby 2. Our line-up for this game was as follows:

Watts .....Catcher	Crouse .....3rd Base
Coss .....Pitcher	Stecker .....Center Field
Sotherland .....1st Base	Wentz .....Right Field
Nail .....2nd Base	Pitney .....Left Field
Fox.....Shortstop	Davis .....Utility

M. H. S. BASE BALL TEAM

SENIOR TEAM

Class Athletics

The Senior Class team won the class Basket Ball championship after several hard-fought games. They also defeated the Second team in a very exciting game, which was forced to go over time periods, and the Seniors succeeded in putting in the winning basket. The scores are: Seniors, 15; Juniors, 4; Seniors, 9; Sophomores, 8; Seniors, 17; Seconds, 16; Seniors, 15; Ontario, 30.

Coach Foster has planned to have a big Track and Field Meet this spring for the classes, and this, no doubt, will prove to be a regular championship contest. More will be heard from class athletic activities in the next edition of the Annual.

Hi-Y Club

The Hi-Y Club was first organized here in the month of October, Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen. The Boys' Work Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., Mr. Chapman, got together a group of High School boys and appointed a nominating committee. At a later date the officers of the club were elected and the name Hi-Y chosen.

The aim of the club is to extend, throughout the school and community, high standards of Christian character, to develop leadership and unselfishness in the school and community, and to carry out a special program each month.

When a high school student wishes to join the club he is given a card to sign. This card states that the Hi-Y stands for clean speech, clean sports and clean habits. After signing this card he must take the initiation, which is known as the Degrees of the Triangle. Some of the boys think this is the best part of the program, especially those who take part in giving the other fellow a ride on the goat.

Among the activities which the Hi-Y Club has carried on are, a Bible class with a supper meeting once a week, under the direction of Mr. W. F. Black; also a number of booster meetings for High School Athletics, at which programs were given and light refreshments served by a group of high school girls.

The officers of the club this year are: President, Ralph Baer; Vice President, Harold Donley; Secretary, Tom Ford; Treasurer, Charles Nail. Committee Chairmen: Meeting Committee, Jack Crouse; Service Committee, Gus Fox; Social Committee, Paul Sotherland.

A proposition for the federation of all Hi-Y Clubs in the State is now under consideration. If this is done there will be a standard program and a special Hi-Y pin.

Already a program which promises to be very interesting is being planned for next year's activities. Excellent suggestions for this program have been offered by a number of the older members, including Paul Sotherland, Harold Donley, Paul Watts, Augustus Fox, Chauncey Garber and others.

HI-Y CLUB

M.H.S.

Society

Social News

JUNIOR PARTY

The first social affair of the season was an old-fashioned Box Party, given by the Juniors on the evening of December 17th. After a pleasing musical program, the main feature of the evening began. This consisted in auctioneering off the boxes. The proceeds from the sale of these boxes were given to the Athletic Association.

SOPHOMORE PARTY

On January 23rd, the high school was the scene of a masquerade given by the Sophomore class. Several selections were rendered by the school orchestra, and short speeches were made by several members of the class. After the program, a grand march brought the young people to the second floor, where prizes for various costumes were awarded. Games and refreshments brought to an end the first party ever given by the class of '21.

SENIOR DANCE

The evening of the nineteenth of February was the gala night for the members of the Senior Class. The occasion was in the form of a class dance. Schuler's Academy, the scene of the festivities, had been decorated with the class colors of purple and white, which were festooned from the corners of the hall. The Junior class officers were the guests at this affair, several members of the faculty acted as chaperones. After the grand march, clever programs were given out, and dancing began. Being informal, no one felt reserved, and the result was that this party was the most successful and enjoyable ever given by our class. The only regret of the evening was that dancing stopped at 11:30.

JUNIOR-SENIOR RECEPTION

This affair, which is always looked forward to by all members of the Senior and Junior classes, will take place on May Ninth, unless plans miscarry. The play, "Cupid at Vassar," has been selected to be presented on this occasion. This is a modern day college story. The following people are members of the cast:

John Willett ..... Paul Randall
Amos North ..... Hale Sturges
Shiny ..... Augustus Fox
Hank Gubbin ..... Hale Redrup
Kate ..... Bernice Dickson
Wanda ..... Helen Edes
Miss Carroll ..... Marian Burns
Miss Page ..... Katherine Koller

College Girls

Louise Bissman
Florence Logan
Naomi Terman
Martha Wooden
Ruth Helter
Helen Richards
Mabel Day
Helen LeGear
Margaret Ackerman

Social News

SENIOR CLASS WEEK

Plans are being made for a Senior Week to be held the week of June first. The first event will be the Baccalaureate sermon on Sunday night, then the Senior Play will be on Monday night, Class Day on Thursday, and the final occasion will be Commencement on Friday evening. This feature is a new one and one which the class will appreciate and long remember.

The cast of the Senior Play, "It Pays to Advertise," is as follows:

Mary Grayson ..... Eula Long
Johnson ..... Effie Eggert
Countesse De Beaurien ..... Margaret Fairchild
Rodney Martin ..... Ernest Schuler
Cyrus Martin ..... Donald Ackerman
Ambrose Peale ..... Raymond Kline
Marie ..... Anne Fernyak
William Smith ..... Thomas Ford
Miss Burke ..... Mary Dann
George McChesney ..... Harold McVicar
Charles Bronson ..... Ralph Baer
Ellery Clark ..... Warren Magee

ACT I—The Library at Cyrus Martin's

ACT II—Rodney Martin's Office

ACT III—Same as Act I

Miss Bright

Miss Bright graduated from Columbus High School, attended the Art Students' League of New York, and took the Art Course in Ohio State. Miss Bright taught in Woosterville before assuming the position of Art Supervisor of the Mansfield Public Schools.

Mr. Richard Chubb

Here you see the reason for the success of this year's music. Mr. Chubb was graduated from the College of Cincinnati in 1910. Music has always been one of the important activities of the school, and during the past year, it has been brought to a higher standard than ever before, due to Mr. Chubb's untiring efforts. Although this was his first year with us, he has shown his capability and talents in directing the music of the school.

Music Notes

Music was optional this year for all High School students. The first period of every Tuesday and Friday morning are used for chorus practice. The score of "Joan of Arc" was used as a course of study at practice.

A Boys' Glee Club was one of the new musical features of the year. Although we did not hear this organization often, the music they gave us always made us wish for more. The boys who compose this chorus are: Clarence Wolfarth, Richard Sterret, Paul Watts, Donald Ackerman, Chauncey Garber, Efflo Eggert, Howard Marquis, Tom Ford, Ralph Baer, Raymond Kline, Ira Kochheiser, Warren Magee, Gerald McCready, Lester Hall, James Crum, Lloyd Hoffman, Theodore Bergstrom, Frank Schreidt and Hale Sturges.

A new feature of the orchestra this year was the student leader. Kathryn Thomas served in this capacity. The school certainly appreciates the presence of the orchestra at our mass meetings because they furnish plenty of "pep." It is an organization of which M. H. S. may well feel proud.

We have a quartet of remarkable ability, but the one and only criticism which can be made is, that they do not sing often enough. Their rare appearances are enthusiastically greeted by the student body.

We awaited with interest the first public appearance of the recently organized Girls' Glee Club. Every one was more than pleased with their numbers on April twenty-second, when they made their debut.

Helen Bein, Kathryn Laird and Beatrice Parry served as pianists for the past year. Their work is highly appreciated and much credit is due to them for their faithful service.

On the evening of April twenty-second a Miscellaneous Concert was given by a number of students selected by Mr. Chubb. Unusual talent was displayed in the rendition of various numbers by the musical organizations of the school.

Plans are being made for the annual concert to be given some time during the last week of May. Instead of the customary miscellaneous program, the cantata, "Joan of Arc," was chosen as the selection to be given.

M. H. S. Quartet

STERRET ACKERMAN WATTS WOLFARTH

M. H. S. ORCHESTRA

When to you there comes a pleading
"Read the Annual Grinds for fun,"
Take a moment's time for reading
Story, anecdote, or pun.
Maybe you yourself were present
Just the time a joke was sprung.
So 'twill be to you more pleasant
To be back by mem'ry swung.
Keep your laughter ready,
Read by jerks or steady;
Though the jests are not all new, we hope they'll do.
There's a witty lining
Through each poor one shining.
If there isn't—
Pack up your troubles in your old
Kit bag and Smile, Smile, Smile.

P. Hursh (translating Cicero): "We are born without sense."

The more a person knows, the more he knows how much he doesn't know.

You may call me your peaches and cream,
You may call me your sugar plum;
But there's one thing you'll have to quit doing;
You'll have to stop calling me "Hun."

R. C. (coming into report room): "Julius Caesar's exhausted." (Meaning the supply of Caesar was exhausted.)

Mrs. Traxler (in French): "Tomorrow we will read this lesson orally."

R. Colwell (in English, giving a sentence): "I have a thought."
Miss Cotton: "Guard it well for it's among strangers."

M. Fisher: "Did you know that Henry Ford was well known in 58 B. C.?
M. McLean: "What makes you think so?"
M. Fisher: "Because Caesar says they crossed the Rhone by Fords."

As Coss was going out one eve
His Father questioned "Whither?"
And Coss, not wishing to deceive,
With blushes answered "With her."

Mr. Whitehouse (making his announcements): "Monday, blanks will be given to all those who are not here."

H. Rust: "Why is the German arm like wool?"
S. Wentz: "I dunno."
H. Rust: "Because it is worsted."

R. Baer: "Why is the letter D like a wedding ring?"
R. Davis (all excited): "I don't know."
R. Baer: "Because we cannot be wed without it."

Bob Albrecht: "When does a sculptor explode in strong convulsions?"
Leslie S.: "I dunno."
Bob Albrecht: "When he makes faces and busts."

At last Gus Fox got a hair cut.

Miss Jordan: "Why was it a glorious revolution?"
H. Rust: "No one was killed."

Helen P.: "Why is it important for a physician to keep his temper?"
Grace S.: "I don't know—why?"
Helen P.: "Because if he did not he would lose his patients."

He kissed her on the cheek;
It seemed a harmless frolic;
He's been laid up for a week—
They say it's painter's colic.

Mr. Fairchild wrote the following announcement on the bulletin board:
"Mr. Fairchild will meet his classes at 7:30 Friday evening."
A Freshie smartly walked up and erased the C in classes.
Mr. Fairchild went one better and erased the L.

Virgil K.: "Why is it right that B should come before C?"
Floyd B.: "I forgot."
Virgil K.: "Because we must B before we can C."

THE SMART SET

PRICE: 2 BITS — EDITOR: I. M. HARDUP

INTERESTING, INTELLECTUAL, INSTRUCTIVE

EDITORIAL

This is a weekly magazine published for the uplift of the staff. (Heaven knows they need it.) This publication has a high aim and a noble purpose, viz.:—er—that is—well, anyway, we have a noble purpose, as you shall see.

SOCIETY

The Smart Set is still talking about the delightful staff party given by Miss Ruth Davis. It was conceded by all to be the most brilliant affair of a gay season. The scene was one of beauty, the beautiful gowns of the girls contrasting wonderfully with the evening clothes of the men. Among the pleasures of the evening were several soulful selections rendered by the staff choir. The charming hostess then invited us to the beautifully decorated dining room where a delicious repast was served. Several of the young gentlemen?????? took spoons in memory of the enjoyable occasion and all departed at an early hour (about 1 A. M.), wishing that our hostess would invite us again.

Mr. Paul Hursh, one of the most promising of the season's debutants, made his debut last night at a smoker given by the Woman Haters' Club at Jake's Place. Mr. Hursh is one of the charming bachelors of the year, and if the class of '20 had more like him they might well feel proud of their class.

HOT SKETCHES

Jack Crouse is not what he used to be. He is no longer the sweet, innocent youth of former days. Some wicked person has told him that there is no Santa Claus.

It has been noticed that whenever a question comes up before the staff to be discussed pro and con that the boys always argue Conn.

Harold Donley has received his promotion. He is now grafter-in-chief of the staff. His salary is such that it permits him to keep R. H. supplied with candy, flowers, etc., etc., etc.

"Cy" Sotherland never breaks training rules, except on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights.

Do you know Mary? She's a Byrd of Paradise.

The staff is looking forward with interest to the publication of Charles Sword's new book. Its title is, "The Ways and Wiles of Women."

Warren Magee tells us that three of the greatest ways of spreading news are to telephone, telegraph, tell a girl.

It is reported that Martha Mary is having a "swell" time with the mumps.

Here's to the Staff,
The Immortal eleven;
May their works live forever
While they live in heaven.

THE SMART SET

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INTERESTING, INTELLECTUAL, INSTRUCTIVE

CORRESPONDENTS' CORNER

(Editor's Note)—All questions received the careful consideration of the Staff. Advice is free—that's why we're giving it away.

Hugh Rust: If you find that your collars shrink from washing, why not wash your neck at the same time?

Florence Logan: No, Florence, we would not advise you to commit matrimony just yet. Remember, in courtship he swears to her, in the honeymoon he swears by her, and in the marriage he swears at her.

Gaylord Herring: The reason your eyes are so weak is because they are in a weak place.

Harry Marlow: No, Harry, My Boy, we regret that we are not able to inform you how to get the most out of school work. The Staff's efforts have all been directed in finding out how to get out of the most school work.

Since there has been so much speculation as to what becomes of the surplus funds, we wish to report in order to clear ourselves of any imputations of Graft.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT OF STAFF

Editors' Salaries	$22,324.52
Expenses for Staff Parties	2,423.65
Detectives (to discover new jokes)	883.66
Flowers for sporting editor's friend (lady)	19.83
Toys to keep Paul Hursh amused	13.13
Lost by business managers	15.19
Stationery	10.99
Printing	9.89
Total	$25,699.86

PUNK POETRY

About Kisses—
Tho' a kiss be amiss,
She who misses the kisses,
As a Miss without kisses,
May miss being Mrs.

And he who will miss
The kisses of Misses,
Will miss the bliss
Of being Mr. to Mrs.

Before joke editors again we'd be,
We'd drown ourselves in the deep, blue sea,
Or to some cannibal isle we'd take a bus,
And let the cannibals make hash of us.

NEWSY NEWSLETS

Evangelist Flivver Ford has been engaged to address the staff at the next meeting. His subject is: "The Sins of the Seniors." No one knows more of this subject than "Flivver."

IN MEMORIAM

Here lie the remains of an Editor-in-Chief,
She died of overwork (?) and grief.
In this cold world she had no fun,
But now she's in a warmer one.

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The Home of High Class Attractions for Lowbrows.

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THE SMART SET

PRICE: 2 BITS — EDITOR: I. M. HARDUP

INTERESTING, INTELLECTUAL, INSTRUCTIVE

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Position as clown with a reputable circus. Naturally adapted to the work.
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For Your Ills, Try AL TAPPAN'S PILLS

MOVIES TODAY

ELIZABETH EICHELBERGER—featured in—THE HOPELESS CHEST
SPECIAL KEYSTONE KOMEDY
ROBERT PADGETT—in—TARZAN OF THE APES

SPORTING NOTES—"By Sigh"

Reno, Nev., Oct. 6, 1919—In a whirlwind battle "Battling" Magee landed a vicious right to "Knockout" J. Willard's left chop, which made K. O. listen to the birdies for the count.

Oshkosh, Wis., Feb. 3, 1919—"Lefty" Sturges defeated "Nebo" Redrup in what proved to be the most exciting game of marbles ever played on the High School ring.

Bellville, Pa., Feb. 14, 1919—The National Tiddle-de-wink Tourney, held here last week, was won by Steamboat Hursh, who defeated Chicken Donley. The championship game was merely a battle of brains. Hursh won because of endurance. Donley's finger became sore in the last few seconds and Hursh, who used a thumb protector, gave Donley the razz.

Mansfield, O., March 4, 1919—Kewpy Crouse beat Soapsuds Sword in a wonderful game of African Golf on the High School golf course, i. e., the Board Room. Kewpy is accused by Soapy of having used loaded cubes of fate, and, to the editor's regret, Kewpy has yet to prove otherwise.

THE SMART SET

PRICE: 2 BITS — EDITOR: I. M. HARDUP

INTERESTING, INTELLECTUAL, INSTRUCTIVE

WANT ADS.

Wanted—To know what valuable article Mrs. Chase carries around in her pocketbook.

Wanted—Boy to run elevator in High School building. Must be a good story teller.

Wanted—To know how Mrs. Allen likes married life.

Wanted—To know when we will have a new High School.

Wanted—A microscope to distinguish some of our Freshies.

Wanted—A boy to run errands and make himself useful. Also a youth to milk and wash motor car.

Wanted—Advice with which to keep Study One quiet. Mrs. Allen.

Wanted—A book of instructions on matrimony. Efflo Eggert and Esther McFarland.

LOST

A gold watch by an old lady with Swiss movement.

An ulster by a lady with camels' hair lining.

Some manners. Finder please return to Jim Crum.

Juniors' desire to become school champs in basket ball.

Lady's war-time camouflage kit, consisting of several articles which we think it wise not to mention. Please return to Mary Casey.

Bee Perry's love. Finder please do not keep, but return to Ernest Schuler.

One package of "Mail Pouch." Please do not use, but return to Vic Leach at once.

Staff's good name (?). Finder please return to Senior teachers.

CHARGE OF MANSLAUGHTER

OWNER SUES OFFENDER

JESSON *vs.* SCHROER

On Thursday noon, March 20, the English book of Frederick Jesson (may it rest in peace) was run over and totally destroyed by Schroer's National. Trial to be March 25, 4 P. M. Charge of Manslaughter (or intent to kill).

"Young Ambition!"

"Palace of Wisdom!?"

Working?

"MY FAMILY"

"Doc."

A-Bachelor's-Kitchen

"Every-body's Doing it"

"We Use Colgates"

I.W.W.
(I won't work)

"AREN'T WE CUTE?"

"Aloha-oe"

"MAC"

"Sophronia"

"MAX"

"Peacher's-pets"

Grace-(ful)

"Labor Union"

Phil. M.: "What goes all the way from Boston to Milwaukee without moving?"
Harland K.: I dunno!—what?
Phil. M.: Why— the railroad tracks, of course."

Just imagine Miss Mary Aberle smiling.

Hale S.: "Above his fellows he would rise;
There's naught to prevent it but his size."

Miss Bowers: "How do we know that Caesar was acquainted with the Irish?"
F. Schreidt: "Because when he crossed the Rhine he came back to Bridg-it."

GRADES

An *A* you know is the very best,
A *B* almost as good;
A *C*'s what they give most all the rest,
You could improve a *D* if you would.
But when on your card you find *F* so plain
It's then you wish you'd used your brain.

Miss Jordan was discussing in M. & M. how we could receive the Royalty of Europe.
Hale Redrup: "Take them down to Jake Rhinehart's."

Critic's Report: "Esther rolled her eyes from floor to ceiling."

R. Baer asked Winona Schaeffer if he could see her home.
She said: "Yes, if you stand on a tall building."

Hale Sturges: "O, fellows, I've got an idea."
Lloyd Brown: "Well, the Lord knows you've got lots of room to keep it in."

Charles Sword (in English): "Marlowe was fatally stabbed in the tavern."

"Words fail us"
—The Staff

Editor-in-Grief

"Married Life"

"A sweet young Thing"

Shylock

You're in Love

—What am I—

The better half of the Staff?

"Suffer more"

TAKING HIS PICK

"JA-DA"

FOR BETTER OR WORSE.

Why let it Live?

"'22."

POSSIBLY

While boating on the bay one night,
I saw the ocean's arm,
Steal gently 'round a neck of land,
To keep its shoulder warm.

This made me jealous as could be,
It really made me sore,
And so I paddled towards the land
And closely hugged the shore.

Grace Sowash: "What are those ambuscade scales?"
Helen Post: "They lie in weight (wait)."

Chauncey Garber told us that he drank a pint of yeast the other night to make him rise early the next morning.

Gaylord Bahl: "My girl's father kept a toll gate. She never charged me any toll, though; she said she never tolled her love."

Ed. Dann: "So far, gentlemen, we have been dealing with naked facts; now we will bring them to their close."

"Yes, sir, he was a consumptive; only had one remaining lung; and went away for his health. In a year he came back with three."
"Well, well. How did that happen?"
"He got married."

When calling on a girl,
You sing a little song or two,
And have a little chat;
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat;
You hold her hand and say good-night,
As sweetly as you can;
Ain't that an awful evening
For a great big healthy man?

Teacher: "Yes, Hale, the earth goes around the sun, now what goes around the earth?"
Hale: "Hoboes, mam."

ADVERTISEMENTS

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This book, as all other publications of a like character, can only be made possible by support of local merchants in the way of advertisements.

Therefore, students, give the advertisements some consideration. The merchants who have aided us are worthy of your patronage, not only because they are reliable and up-to-date business houses, but because they are progressive and public-spirited men.

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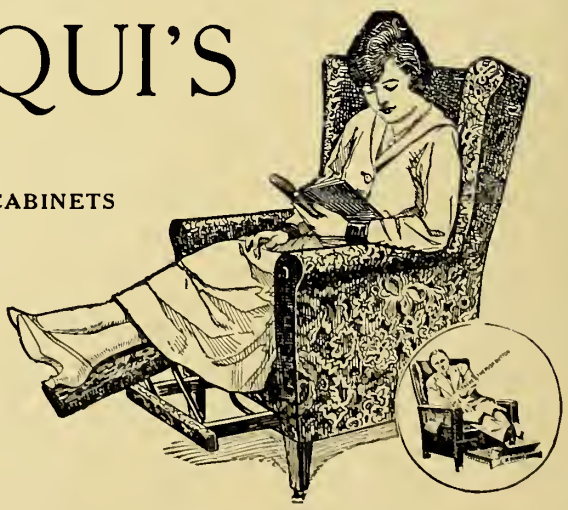

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H. T. Siegenthaler

68 NORTH MAIN ST.

The team was to take the 12:50 train.
Cy S. said: "I bet we don't catch it."
Vic Leach: "Why not?"
Cy S.:"It is ten to one if we catch it."

E. Schuler: "Did I ever tell you the story about the dirty window?"
P. Sotherland: "No, tell me about it."
E. Schuler: "No use; you couldn't see through it."

Jack Thorne: "Did you see me fall up those stairs?"
Vic Leach: "Yes!"
Jack Thorne: "Did you ever see me before?"
Vic Leach: "No!"
Jack Thorne: "Well then, how did you know it was me?"

William Hutzelman was referring to the convenience of the mile-stones.
He suggested that it would be a great improvement if they were placed nearer to each other.

Minister (writing a certificate at a christening and trying to recall the date): "Let me see, this is the thirtieth?"
Indignant Mother: "The thirtieth! Indeed, it's only the eleventh."

Miss Cotton: "You don't know what I have in my head?"

Wm. T. Hursh & Conn

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$15, $18, $20, $25,

AND $30, SPECIAL DELUX

Conductor: "Look here, my boy, what under heaven are you ringing the bell at both ends of the car for?"

P. Snyder: "Sure, I want both ends of the car to stop."

Policeman (to young boy): "Your name?"

"Patrick Reilly."

"What is your father?"

"Dead."

"What was he before he died?"

"Alive."

Tom Ford (to barber): "Do you shave for 5 cents?"

Barber: "Yes; one side."

Tom Ford: "All right, then, shave the outside."

Winona Schaeffer: "If I step on the street car track will I get a shock?"

Mary Conn: No, not unless you put your other foot on the trolley wire."

Suggestions for English primer in German school:

"See the Hun. Can the Hun run? Yes, the Hun can run. Run, Hun, run."

R. Baer: "What became of the girl you made love to in the hammock?"

T. Hughes: "We fell out."

Boss: "If a customer wants to see a flute, banjo or mandolin, you know what to show him?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Boss: "And if they want to see a lyre—"

Boy (interrupting): "I'll send for you at once, sir."

Wilbur writes a loving note,
And sends it up the aisle;
Grace gets it quick as a wink,
And answers with a soulful smile.

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COME AND EXAMINE

G. W. BRUNK

THE TAILOR

Lucille R.: "Did you hear about the fight at Martha's house last night?"
Mary Byrd: "No."
Lucille R.: "The coffee soaked the bread."

Found on History board:
Mr. Crane lost a valuable cow; she fell into a large hole on her back.

Wouldn't it be funny to hear Miss Jordan say, "Oh heck," or to see Mrs. Chase without her pocket?

Ernest to Bee: "Since you are going to the show with Jack ,will you save me a seat beside you?"
Bee: "Yes, but when I get up to leave, I might forget whom I really was with."
Ernest: "Well, isn't that all right?"

Ellis Myers reading in English: "With his cocktails whistling by." (Meaning his coat tails.)

(Mariam Burns during rehearsal for Junior play): "I believe that if I turn my back to the audience it will be more effective."

Miss Aberle: "Before the war, if you wanted to find a par-a-dice, you should go to Germany."
Moral: Germans must like African Golf.

Said a wearied boy to a very young girl,
"I feel like a ship at sea,"
Exams are near and much, I fear,
That worried I shall be.

Well then, said she, ashore I'll be,
Come rest, your journey's o'er,
And the darkness fell and all was well,
For the ship hugged close to the shore.

Two's a couple,
Three's a nuisance.

(I Speaking of a man in Chicago, in history class.)

Miss Aberle: "Why, yes, I told you about him way back in Roman days."

Etta Fox: "I had an awful time with Amos last night."

Hannah R.: "Amos who?"

Etta F.: "A mosquito."

Jack C.: "I dreamed last night that a burglar stole our new golden clock. When I woke up I got up to see if it was still there."

Paul S.: "Was it gone?"

Jack C.: "No, but it was going."

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat,
Me thought my heart would burst with joy,
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul,
Could greater solace bring
Than that I held last night, which was
Four aces and a king.

Roselyn M.: "When will water stop running down a hill?"

Mary Cairns: "Why—never, will it?"

Roselyn M.: "Sure, when it gets to the bottom."

Howard H.: "Why do you call Lieta Charles a silent belle?"

Tom H.: "I kissed her the other night and she never tolled."

Freshman: "Why is ten times ten like the American Army?"

Sophomore: "Dunno."

Freshman: "Because it was and is a Hun Dread (hundred)."

There is meter in voice,
There is meter in tone,
But the best way to meter
Is to meet 'er alone.

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HOPELESS

Student: "There must be some mistake in my examination marking. I don't think I deserve an absolute zero."

Professor: "Neither do I, but it is the lowest mark I am allowed to give."

Dedicated to:
Hannah, Anna and Dorothy

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw the less he spoke,
The less he spoke the less he heard,
Why can't you be like that wise old bird.

WHAT PUZZLED HIM

"Say, Ma," asked Johnnie, "my toes are most as hard as leather, aren't they?"

"No, dear, certainly not," said his mother.

"Well, then, persisted the youth, "why do they always wear themselves through my shoes?"

WAS HE GLAD?

Dad: "When I was a little boy, my mother only gave us bread and butter as well."

His Son: "Then aren't you glad you came to live with us, Dad?"

Don Ackerman: "Do you know anything about music?"

Paul Watts: "You cannot fool me on music. I know every bar from the Mansfield to the Park."

CHICKEN POX

Tell me not in words so cruel,
Chicken-pox is but a dream,
For he who says so is a fool,
Though a fool he may not seem.

The itch is real, the itch is earnest,
And, it seems, will ne'er depart,
"Thou come'st once and ne'er returnest,"
I can shout once with joyful heart.

Oh, those spots—you sure can find them,
Which you dare not scratch at all,
Lest they, departing, leave behind them,
Marks that mean your beauty's fall.

Let us, then, be only cheerful,
With a heart for any fate,
Though we loath the awful fearful,
Dreadful itching, while we wait.
—A Victim.

(Helen Richards with her coat collar around her neck):

Harry Marlow: "Trying to hug yourself, Helen?"

Helen: "Yes, nobody else will."

(Do your duty, Harry.)

Jack Crouse (while ushering at the Opera House): "Indeed, I should be glad to give you a seat, but the empty ones are full."

Hugh Rust (in history class): "He was condemned to be hanged—but he saved his life by dying in prison."

Miss Patterson: "How many girls are in that cloak room?"

Voice from the cloak room: "Three."

Miss Patterson: "Then half of you come in here."

Wilbur Wierman (speaking of a certain lady's ancestry): "Her mother was a Welshman."

"I threw a kiss to a girl the other day."

"What did she say about it?"

"Gee, but you're lazy."

Teacher: "Now, I want one of you to give me a sentence using the three simple tenses."

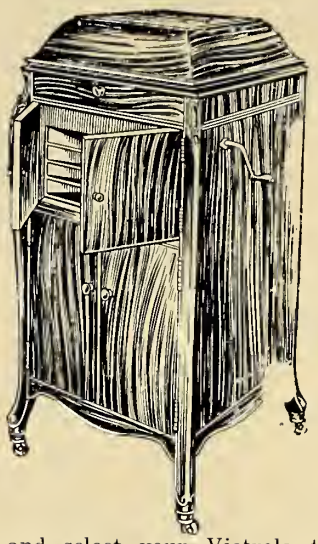
Johnny: "Don't think of the future until the present is past."

Mrs. Fairchild in Study I: "Girls must have changed since I was a girl."

Catherine Hill: "What did he do after he played three cards?"

Mildred Jones: "He throwed up."

VICTROLA



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STOP AT

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FOR ALL KINDS OF

SWEETS

ON THE SQUARE

M. Heck: "Miss Patterson, how do you translate y la de jo eu los brozos del hurtilana?"

Miss Patterson: "And he put her in the care of the gardener."

M. Heck: "Well, los brozos means arms; where are you going to put the arms?"

Miss Cotton (to Harvey Bailey): "Which one of those girls shall I keep for you to talk to after school?"

Harvey Bailey: "Both."

Miss Jordan in M. & M. History: "His mother was an Englishman."

Helen Bishop in M. & M. History, speaking of a Sultan of Turkey: "He was a typical Turkey."

Where is Happiness always found?
Answer: In the dictionary.

Gaylord: "If a girl said, 'you may kiss me on either cheek,' what would you do?"

James: "I'd hesitate quite a while between."

Helen Edes in History: "The people crumbled up and died."

Miss Padget (to some Freshman girls): "Say, girls, can you understand plain, common, ordinary, every-day English?"

Science teacher assigning lessons: "Charles, you may take Intestinal Worms."

By a Freshie.

I never saw a "Freshie,"
I never hope to see one,
But I can tell you any how,
I'd rather see—than be one.

FRESHIES TAKE NOTICE!

A fly has 9,369,999 pores in its body. If you don't believe it, count them.

Miriam Scheibe: "Twice he killed a man."

Jim Crum requests that he be buried in an overcoat in order that he may keep warm.

"If you are in doubt about kissing a girl, what do you do?"
"Give her the benefit of the doubt."

Have you ever noticed that a great many jokes are good until they are cracked?

These jokes are written on thin paper so Hugh Rust will be able to see through them.

R. Miller: "How can I cure myself of walking in my sleep?"
C. Brown: "Take car fare to bed with you."

Coach: "What this squad needs is life."
Freshie, near by: "Aw no, thirty days is enough."

Bob Boling: "Why do they call actors 'Hams'?"
Charley Ackerman: "I duno."
Bob B.: "Because they are continually associated with eggs."

Mrs. Davis (in History): "I want you to do a lot of outside reading this winter.

How did Charles I raise money to keep back the Scots.
L. Richardson: "Took in washings."

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DIAMOND ST. ON THE SQUARE

An advertisement in a restaurant in Shelby reads: "Eat here and you will never eat anywhere else."

A CHIP OFF THE OLD BLOCK

Mr. Dann: "Is my son being well grounded in Latin?"

Miss Bowers: "Well, sir, I think that is putting it mildly. I should say he was stranded."

Mr. Jacobs (in Geometry): "Beatrice Perry, prove your figure perfect."

Beatrice: "Well, I can't prove it, but any one can see it is perfect."

French may be charming
And Dutch pretty well,
But Greek is outrageous
And Latin is—very hard.

Paul Randall: "I am going to get a haircut."

Gerald McCready: "Don't you know haircut isn't proper."

Paul Randall: "Why not?"

Gerald McCready: "It's barbarism."

There once was a student,
And grave he was, too!
Who had so many quizzes
That he didn't know what to do.
He had no time for frolic
And had no time for bread,
He crammed until 'twas morning
And now he is dead.

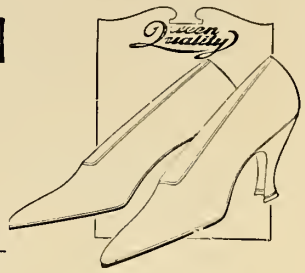
Ed. Gibson (holding out a buffalo nickel): "What does this buffalo stand for?"

Hale Redrup: "I don't know."

Ed. Gibson: "Because it can't sit down."

Hale Redrup: "Give me that coin a minute" (turns around to girls in back seat): "Say, girls, why can't this buffalo sit down?"

The SEED you have SOWN
WILL BE easily REAPED
IN "OUR" SHOES.



"K.&G." QUALITY BOOT SHOP "K.&G."

THE NEWS FOR WANT ADS

Miss Ruess (in English class, speaking about alphabetical quotations from Longfellow): "Go to H."

Who raised the first disturbance?
Answer: Eve, when she raised Cain.

If an S and an I, and an O and a U,
With an X at the end spell "su,"
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?
Then if an S and an I and a G
And an H E D spell "side,"
There's nothing much for a speller to do
But go commit siouxeyesighed.

John Coss: "I feel nutty."
Miriam Bristor: "Isn't it nice to feel natural."

Miss Cotton: "A fellow never knows he will be great until he is dead."

Miss Hendericson (in Geom.): "For tomorrow take Harmonic Division (of a line)."
Pupil: "That's divorce."

When those musical men, Hamet and Kline, get married, in order to B they are going to live in Ab.

A Freshie went down to the post-office with some letters to post; he waited till the clerk wasn't looking, and then slipped them into a box to save paying postage.

Helen Post: "I hear that Eula Long got sea-sick yesterday in Glee Club."
Grace Sowash: "How's that?"
Helen Post: "The high C's were too much for her."

Found—An envelope marked "Grinds" containing a picture of Howard Herr.

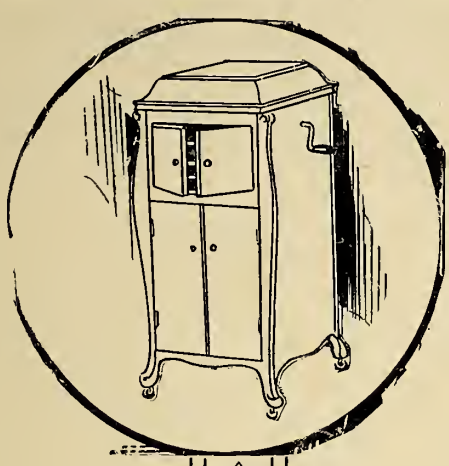
The Freshman is he that knows not that he knows not,
The Sophomore is he that thinks he knows but knows not,
The Junior is he that knows and knows not that he knows,
The Senior is he that knows and knows that he knows.

Oh, Women, Women! What would men be without you?
Two hundred a year better off.

Verdant Freshie with enlarged head,
His brain crammed full of bliss,
Brings home the good news of exams,
this.
like
much
street
the
And walks up

Mrs. Davis: "What is capital and labor?"
Harold McVicar: "Suppose I loan you ten dollars."
Mrs. Davis: "Yes."
Harold McVicar: "That's capital; and if I try to get it back, that's labor."

Howard Marquis and Ruth Bissman were riding home on one of our new street cars when the car suddenly stopped.
Ruth: "What's the matter?"
Howard: "I don't know, but I think we have run over the mate to this one."



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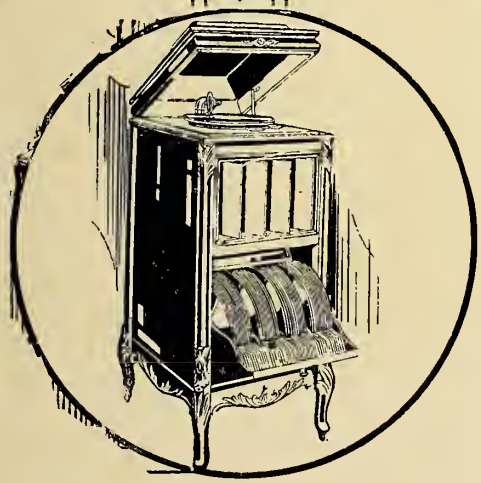

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A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF MEN'S NEW SPRING FURNISHINGS

THE MAN'S STORE OF MANSFIELD

HENRY WEIL & SON THE GLOBE

THE STORE THAT GUARANTEES

I DOUBT IT

When a pair of red lips are upturned to your own,
With no one to gossip about it,
Do you pray for endurance to leave them alone?
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

When a sly little hand you're permitted to seize,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you can drop it with never a squeeze,
Well, maybe you can—but I doubt it.

When a dear little waist is in reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Do you argue the point, 'twixt good and the harm,
Well, maybe you do—but I doubt it.

And if by these tricks you should capture a heart,
With a womanly sweetness about it,
Will you guard it, and act the good part,
Well, maybe you will—but I doubt it.

"They say when young people are in love they grow. I know it increases their sighs (size) considerably."—Harold Donley.

Esther McFarland: "Are late hours good for one?"
Efflo Eggert: "No, but they're all right for two."

WOULD THEY COULD

Now I think that in our High School
This result our Profs have sought,
Just to teach conceited Juniors
That of wisdom they have naught.

Duby Pollock bought a piece of pie in a restaurant and the girl at the counter wanted to know whether to wrap it up or not, so she asked: "Are you going to eat it here or take it with you?"

"I think I'll do both," replied Duby.

This is what the Freshmen wonder:

I. If they are really as insignificant as they seem to be.
II. If the Sophomores always know as much as they do now.
III. If the Juniors are really the lead of the school.
IV. If the world actually revolves around the Seniors, as they firmly believe.

On the train to Delaware:

Conductor: "You'll have to take your suit cases out of the aisle, it's against the rules to leave anything in the aisles."

Coss: "That's not my suit case, that's my foot."

A Glad Surprise

Next time you pay a little social debt with a box of candy, give this

Whitman's

Sampler

Sold only at the store that selects the best of everything.

Stecker's Cigar Store

Mans. Phone 271 7. N. Main St.

THE GAME

He made a run around the end,
Was tackled from the rear,
The right guard sat upon his neck,
The fullback upon his ear,
The center sat upon his back,
Two ends upon his chest,
The quarter and halfbacks then
Sat down on him to rest,
The left guard sat upon his head,
The tackle on his face,
The coroner was next called in
To sit upon his case.

Harold Donley (at mass meeting): "If there was a gas house connected with the High School, you all would want me made manager."

At Delaware, colored waiter taps Coss on the arm.
Coss: "Well, what do you want?"
Waiter: "I'd like dem fawks yo' got in yo' pocket, suh."

Hale R. (translating French):—"The overture of his mouth was large and round."

THE BECHTEL STUDIO

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Gen. Fininan Haddie ..... Duby Pollock
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Count Shirtoff ..... Cy Sotherland
(Of the Siberian Army)
Prince Picclo Tomato ..... Warren Magee
(Of the Italian Preservers)
Lieut. O. U. Stoppit ..... Wilbur Wierman

If you have a witty story,
If you laugh until you cry,
Please send it to the "Annual,"
Don't let a good joke die.

Hotel manager in Delaware to team: "Some of the good people who dine here seem to regard spoons as a sort of medicine—to be taken after meals."

Leo was asked by his teacher to write briefly on customs and habits of people in India. Chewed his pencil for a few minutes and then wrote: "They ain't got no manners and they don't wear no customs."

M. PHONE 1134

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21 N. PARK ST.

The R. B. Maxwell Co.

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The Big Store

The WORLD Owes Me A LIVING

YOU SAY, *"THE WORLD OWES ME A LIVING"*

Perhaps it does, BUT how are you going to collect the debt,—the world owes you? By taking care of your Savings, you go a long way toward collecting what the world owes you. LET THIS BANK ASSIST YOU.

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK

Jimmy Crum, telling about trip from Delaware: "On the way back we got 'soaked;' that is rain soaked."

Miss Ruess (in English): "With whom did Lowell become intimate while at Cambridge?"

Laura Barr: "His wife."

Hours in classes all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime
And by asking foolish questions
Take up our teachers' time.

All the fellows on the team, when they ate at the Big Store in Galion, had beef steak except Coss and he had "stewed chicken." Ask him, he knows.

Mr. Fairchild (in C, Branches to class): "Folks, I've got the neuralgia and it's gone to the weakest point. My head aches so!"

Katherine H.: "I'll give you back everything you ever gave me."

Howard M.: "All right, start in with the kisses."

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Foot-Ball Base-Ball Basket-Ball

Athletic goods of all kinds

High school boys have long recognized the quality of our Sporting Goods and Uniforms. We have furnished new uniforms for the 1919 M. H. S. base ball team, as well as the basket ball and foot ball teams. We are showing a complete assortment of all sporting paraphernalia for Spring and Mid-summer sports. Come in and see us.

THE MAN'S STORE OF MANSFIELD

HENRY WEIL & SON THE GLOBE

THE MAN'S STORE OF MANSFIELD

Paul Watts (in English): "I always wondered what consonants were. What are they?"

Raymond Johnson (another Jr.): "They are a e i o u."

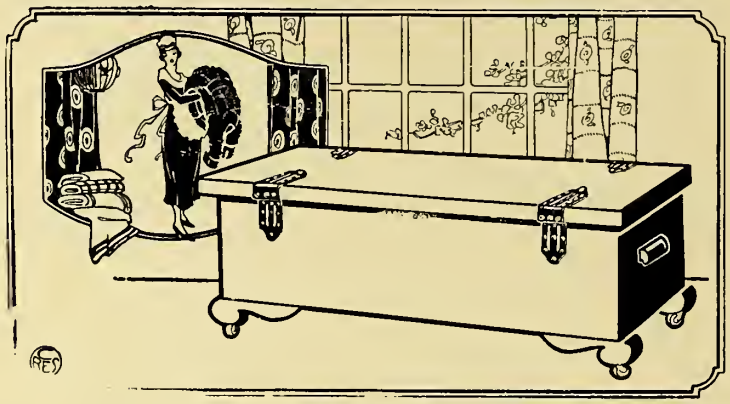
Mr. Foster (in Science): "We will now talk about dyeing."

To those who frequently feel blue,
Some good advice
Permit me to prescribe for you;
No quills, quinine, or catechu,
But something nice.

RX
Read one page, don't skip a word;
Now read another—then a third.
Digest it—'twill do you good—
Then laugh, where laughing's understood.
Should you by laughing thus "grow fat,"
We will make no extra charge for that.

Jack C.: "She has a kind face."
Tom F.: "Yes, but not the kind I like."

The Most Acceptable Graduating Gift!



There is no worthier gift for the young lady graduate than a handsome Cedar Chest. Nothing is so certain to bring cheer into the last day of her school Career.

AS A CARLILE CEDAR CHEST

A treasured Chest in which to lay away her dainty lingerie where it will be free from dust, dirt and moths.

CARLILE'S

Fashioning the Future

The man who aims to *"get there"* realizes that in large measure he fashions his own future by the industry of the present.

He knows that if he sows the seeds of thrift and good management, he will reap accordingly.

Dollars planted in a Savings Account in this Institution bring forth a bountiful financial harvest.

Our Officers invite your account.

The Farmers Savings & Trust Co.,

MANSFIELD, OHIO

Lowell Beard went to purchase a Liberty Bond:

"What denomination?" asked the bright young lady clerk.

"Methodist," was the prompt reply.

Charles Sword: "We had a wooden wedding down our way last night."

H. Pollock: "Trying to pull that old bone about a girl marrying a blockhead?"

Charles Sword: "No, two Poles were married."

Vic Leach went to a masquerade party one evening; the door-tender, after 12 o'clock, asked Vic to take off his mask. Vic said, "I haven't any on."

Helen O. (at Senior dance after a moonlight stroll with H. McVicar): "I wish they would just turn out all the lights except that flag; it is pretty, don't you think so, Harold?" (Get the drift.)

Mr. Marquis: "Howard, you never saw me getting into a scrap like that when I was a boy."

Howard: "No, Dad, I never did."

Merle Hammett: "Oh heck."

Mag. Hecht: "Say, you must like my name."

Merle Hammett: "Yes, it's a nice name, but not enough to it."

Mag. Hecht: "Well, I wouldn't have yours."

Merle Hammett: "Oh, I didn't mean to propose to you."

Mary Byrd (translating Spanish): "He spoke to his donkey with brotherly affection."

Miss Reuss: "Did anybody read Hawthorne's 'Great Stone Face'?"

CHEMISTRY (?) EXPERIMENTS

Chemical Affinities: It has been found by experiment that when potassium iodide (K. I.) unites with two molecules of sulphur (S) under pressure K. I. unites with 2. S. to form Kiss.

No violent explosion takes place, although there is a slight sound not unlike a low fizzle. It is quite essential that this experiment be performed in dim light.

HEADQUARTERS

FOR

REAL ESTATE

IN MANSFIELD, OHIO

GOOD VALUES IN HOMES

AT ANY PRICE YOU ARE WILLING TO PAY

List your property, which you desire to sell with us.

"CALL US UP"

For Any Information You Want In Our Line

WE AIM TO PLEASE YOU

The Richland Realty Co.

Corner Third and Main Sts.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

ON ALL OCCASIONS
SAY IT
WITH FLOWERS

FROM

Stuhldreher Bros.

PHONES 838

32 W. FOURTH ST.

CLOTHES MAKES THE "MAN?"

O, PIFFLE!

STAGE-STRUCK

HUH!!!

SHE.

HAPPY?

'49-ER.

PEACOCK ALLEY.

REFUSED!

CAGED!

'SHUN!!

THE GIRL WE LOVE.

SEA (SEE) NYMPHS.

"K-KLUB."

LOVE AMONG THE

The Buckeye Building & Realty Co.

General Real Estate
Buying, Selling
Renting
and the
Managing of Properties

Including the Handling of all the Little Details that Present Themselves in Realty Deals

GENERAL CONTRACTING

No Job
Too Large or Too Small for
Our Organization

Concrete Work and Repairing a Specialty

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Carpenter Block, MANSFIELD, OHIO

DO YOUR SHOPPING AT

"The Old Reliable"

The Home of
Dependable Merchandise

Suits, Coats, and Ready-to-Wear of all kinds; Linens, Silks, Dress Goods, Hosiery, Underwear, Ribbons, Trimmings, Neckwear, Purses, White Materials, Gloves, Domestics, Infants' Section, Corsets, Carpets, Bedding, Draperies and Men's Furnishings.

The H. L. Reed Co.

"THE OLD RELIABLE"

K. Sotherland: "I understand that you have a new motor car."
Teddy Bergstrom: "Yes."
K. Sotherland: "Do you drive it yourself?"
Teddy Bergstrom: "Nobody drives it. We coax it."

THE MAN WITH THE MOLECULE

Freshie: "What are you studying now?"
Sophomore: "We have taken up the subject of molecules."
Freshie: "I saw a man yesterday with one, but he could not keep it in his eye."

One half the world's hard trials might
With laughter be adjusted;
And he who laughs with right good will
Need seldom be distrusted.

(On Delaware trip): "I don't believe there's any turtle in this soup at all," said E. Schuler to waiter at Galion.

"Turtle! I know there isn't. If you ordered cottage pudding you wouldn't expect to find a cottage in it, would you?"

If a fellow eats dates he is consuming time.

First Freshie: "How did the basket ball game with Ashland come out?"
Second Freshie: "18 to 18."
First Freshie: "You don't say so; who beat?"

Katy Willis: "Oh, I swallowed my gum."
Vic Leach: "No wonder you are so stuck up."

Mrs. Allen: "You may leave the room."
Cy Sotherland: "I had no intention of taking it."

If any noise is to be found
  Please come to Study One;
An illustration of the sound
  Is given just for fun.
First a pencil, then a book,
  How silently they drop.
Then Allen says with an awful look,
  "Now I want that noise to stop."

Dedicated to Charles Nail
I care not for honor, nor wealth, nor fame,
My only ambition is to change Weasie's name.

The Mansfield Savings Bank

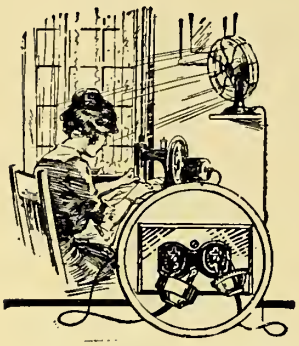
THE OLDEST AND LARGEST BANK IN THE CITY

Capital $200,000.00 Surplus $200,000.00

OFFICERS AND STAFF

C. F. ACKERMAN, *President*
J. E. BROWN, *Vice- President*
F. H. MARQUIS, *Cashier*
R. S. GIBSON, *Ass't Cashier*
F. W. WOLFE, *Teller*
J. J. JONES, *Teller*
GEO. B. GARRISON
JOHN CHARLES
HOWARD MILLER
BARNEY BANKS
KARL P. TROLL
JOS. SEIBERT
MARY HINK
HELEN SOMERS
CORINNE DOUGLASS
JUSTINE KEMP
HELEN WALLACE
JOS. CUSICK, *Custodian*

Total Assets Over FOUR MILLION DOLLARS



Electrical appliances are no different from other merchandise when it comes to comparison of values.

There's the *good*, the *bad* and the *indifferent*.

It all depends in knowing *WHERE TO BUY*.

Buy at the ELECTRIC SHOP

Our knowledge of the "*know-where* and "*know-how*" to buy Electrical Goods is our best protection. Our guarantee goes along with the manufacture's GUARANTEE of QUALITY

If it is something Electrical—we have it—
or we can get it straight-away!

SERVICE ELECTRIC CO.

"THE HOUSE OF SERVICE"

38 W. Fourth St. FRANK C. POLING, Prop, Both Phones

Mrs. Wagner mentions how soft some boys are.
Margery Baker: "Oh, I know who the soft boys are."

John Thoma (in Lab.): "Don't you smell rubber burning?"
Ann Fernyak: "Yes, keep your neck away from that flame."

Things that we don't want to hear the second time—
The stringed instruments in the Glee Club.
Freshman Yell.

Bob Padget: "I hate pawn brokers; but I have to put up with them."

Teacher: "Paul, use the word judicious in a sentence."
Paul: "We had onions, garlic, and other jew dishes."

Freshie: "Is that society belle a man or woman?"

Helen Richard is anticipating the study of Virgil next year and thinks she will find it very easy, as she is already very well acquainted with (a) Virgil and knows him quite well.

We Invite the Student's Account

Richland Savings Bank

A FEW FRESHMEN WOULD LIKE TO KNOW—

What kind of a vegetable is a policeman's beat?
Is a newspaper white when it is read?
Do ships have eyes when they go out to sea?
If you threw a life line to a drowning lemon, would you be giving lemonade?
Is there a sheet on the ocean's bed?

HINTS FOR JUNIORS WHEN TRAVELING

If you are thirsty lift up the mattress and you will find a spring there.
In case of fire run to the window and watch the fire escape.
If you see the pillowslip, or the bedspread, use glue, which is on the stand.

FOOT BALL TERMS

H. Herr (smacking his lips after getting rid of a "dope") : "First down and two to go."

When history tells that Adam was in the garden, it does not tell us what kind of a garden it was, but we have every reason to believe it was a beer garden, because Adam saw snakes.

Mr. Chubb (in music class) : "I want to see all the Voices in their seats."

We Buy for Less
We Sell for Less

Strictly Cash
No Delivery
One Price To All

Mansfield's New Dept. Store
8-10-12 West Third St.

J. C. Penney Co.
Incorporated
197 BUSY STORES

Frances H.: "Did you know there was a skeleton in Lillian Bell's family?"
Thelma B.: "You don't say so! Where?"
Frances H.: "Inside of Lillian, of course."

Elopements are getting very fashionable. Chauncey Garber read the other morning of a horse running away with a young widow.

"You're the light of my life," she whispered,
As he kissed her once more good-night;
And then from the top of the stairway
Came a voice, "Well, put out the light."

Harland Kochheiser has a goat that is such a good butter that he named it, "Oleomargarine."

"That's a nice looking chap at the next table," said Harold. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"Yes, indeed," laughed Ruth.

"Well," said Harold, "I'll ask him to join us."

"Oh," replied Ruth, "This is so sudden. Don't you know that's our young minister."

COMPLIMENTS OF

The Mansfield Milling Co. Inc.

1000 BARRELS
GOOD FLOUR DAILY

IF YOU WANT BETTER BREAD AND PASTRIES

USE TRIANGLE FLOUR

Peg Wheeler (in M. & M.): "Napoleon held the Paris mob back with a machine gun."

A Freshman wants to know if it hurts to crack a joke.

Hester Robinson, in exam. of "The Crisis": "Stephen Brice was wounded on the Northern side."

Grace Babcock, reading Caesar: "Let me have men around me that are fat."

Mr. Foster in Science: "What is the difference between Chemistry and Physics?"
Freshie: "Physics deals with the human body and Chemistry deals with chemicals."

Charles Nail (at a poker party): "What was that last card I dealt you, Tom?"
Tom: "It's a spade."
Nail: "I thought so when I saw you spit on your hands before you picked it up."

(Heard in a report room)—
Teacher: "Has any one lost a ruler?"
Student: "Yes—Germany."

Berno's

Congratulations to Class 1919
and may the coming years be
full of success, happiness and
prosperity for all

BERNO'S

No. 28 Main Street

Helen Ozier, to the motorman of one of our new cars: "Say, you going to get any hanging straps for this sardine box?"

Science Teacher: "Give one of the substitutions for sugar.
Student: "Kisses."

Katherine Hein, reciting on the Kaiser's Abdication: "The Kaiser crossed into Holland in ten automobiles."

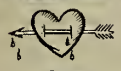
Charles Leach: "When I die I am going to leave money to the government to buy seats for the standing army."

John Coss: "I see that the girls will have to wear red, white and blue dresses."
Louise Bissman: "How's that?"
John Coss: "Because they don't run."

A freshie's contribution to the Grinds:
"Julius Caesar was a wise old geezer,
He went to sleep in an ice cream freezer."

Mr. Symmes: "Robert is going to miss class so much he is going to miss Heaven."

"CUTIE"



WHO'S WHO?

"CAMOUFLAGE"

50-50!

LOOK BEFORE YOU LEAP

"HANDS UP"

PULL OUT YOUR NECK.

P.A.P. + ONE "HE"

"WHY CHARLOT"

OUR "PHOTO" EDITORS.

"MISS" MARQUIS

BALLET RUSSE

'19 AND '20

MOTHER'S "HOPE"

FATHER'S "JOKE"

UM-M-M!

BEAT IT.

LEST WE FORGET.

O! BOY!!!

"K"

THIS IS NO PLACE FOR A MINISTER'S DAUGHTER.

"DEACON" SCHEIBE.

WE EXTEND

CONGRATULATIONS

TO

EVERY MEMBER OF

THE GRADUATING CLASS OF

1 9 1 9

AND TRUST TO SEE ALL FUTURE CLASSES

GRADUATE IN

A NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

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Real Estate, Stocks and Bonds

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MANSFIELD, OHIO

Both Phones 929 102 Mohican Building

MANSFIELD, OHIO.

In behalf of the Great American Insurance Company, I wish to congratulate each and every member of the Graduating Class of 1919, Mansfield High School, and to wish you the success and prosperity in your future life which the efforts of your school days so fully justify. May this success be so marked that each of you may within a few years, find it to your advantage to call upon me for the insurance which you will need upon the automobile which, doubtless, you are even now planning to possess.

J. H. GLASENER

GENERAL AGENT, GREAT AMERICAN

ROOM 101 CITIZENS BLDG. THIRD AND MAIN STS. MANS. PHONE 745

"VEGETABLE COURTSHIP"

A potato went out on a mash,
And sought an onion bed;
"That's pie for me," observed the squash,
And all the beets turned red.
"Go away," the onion weepingly cried,
"Your love I cannot be!
The pumpkin is your lawful bride;
You cantaloupe with me."
"Ah, spare me a cress," the tuber prayed,
"My cherry-ished bride you'll be;
You are the only weeping maid
Thats' currant now with me."
And as the wily tuber spoke,
He grasped the bashful prize,
And giving her an artichoke,
Devoured her with his eyes.

Miss Ruess, in Junior English: "Why is a ship referred to as 'she'?"
Hale Sturges: "Because 'she' has so much 'rigging'."

Freshman (discussing Silas Marner): "He died, and when he came to, he realized he had been dead for some time."

The Bank of Mansfield

Capital and Surplus . . $240,000.00

Commercial and Savings Bank

Interest Paid on Savings Deposits

Your Business Solicited

Elizabeth E.: "Bee, when you had a date with Ernest last night, Jack was out in front of your house and he was so mad his engine was just boiling."

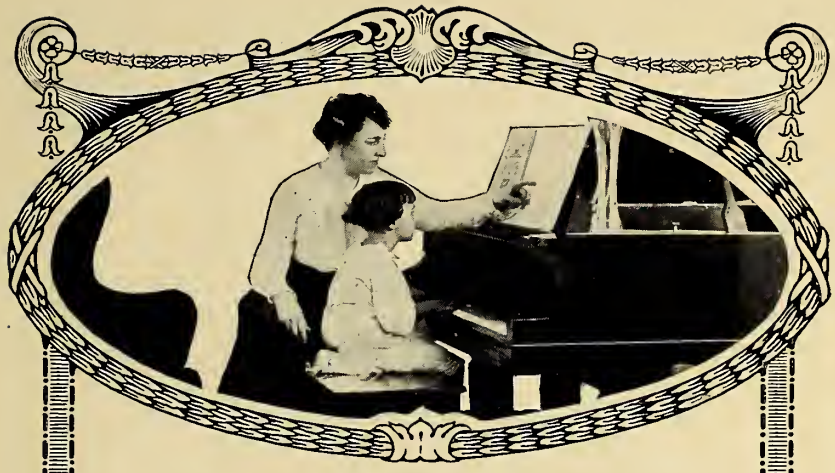
Mr. Schneck asked Charles Sword a question in Trigonometry.
"Search me," said Charles.
"I don't believe I would find much," replied Mr. Schneck.

Paul Hursh, in Cicero: "For we are born without sense."

English teacher: "Define density."
Philip Mitchel (after scratching his head, replied): "I can't define it, but I can give an example."
English teacher: "Fine, the example is very good, sit down."

Mrs. Parsons: "Have you a copy of the Sketch Book?"
Freshie: "Ah, I ain't taking drawin'."

Jack Beyer tells us how to tell a single man from a married one: "The single man has no buttons on his shirt; the married one has no shirt. I wore a pillow slip for six months."



A Complete Education Must Include Music

Music is becoming more and more recognized as a vital force. This is proven in Mansfield by the new High School project, which will have, in addition to an Auditorium, a "Music Room" devoted exclusively to the teaching of music.

Mansfield people recognize the fact that first in a musical education must be considered a GOOD instrument. This particular kind of pianos, good pianos, are the kind which the House of Jones have for many years specialized in.

The World Famous Makers of Pianos are represented in your city by the House of Jones. These makers include the A. B. Chase, Steinway, Mehlin, Sohmer, Hobart M. Cable, and others of equal prominence.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH THIS GOING STORE

W. E. Jones Piano House

50-52 PARK AVENUE WEST

THE D. L. AULD COMPANY

195-197 E. LONG ST.

Columbus, Ohio

Class Pins Class Rings

Engraved Commencement Invitations

Calling Cards and Announcements

SATISFACTION absolutely guaranteed

Official Jewelers to Senior Class of

Mansfield High School

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